

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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AUG 30 1960

CHICAGO

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J. Allan Cash

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The Concert: a country story

By Leonard Clark

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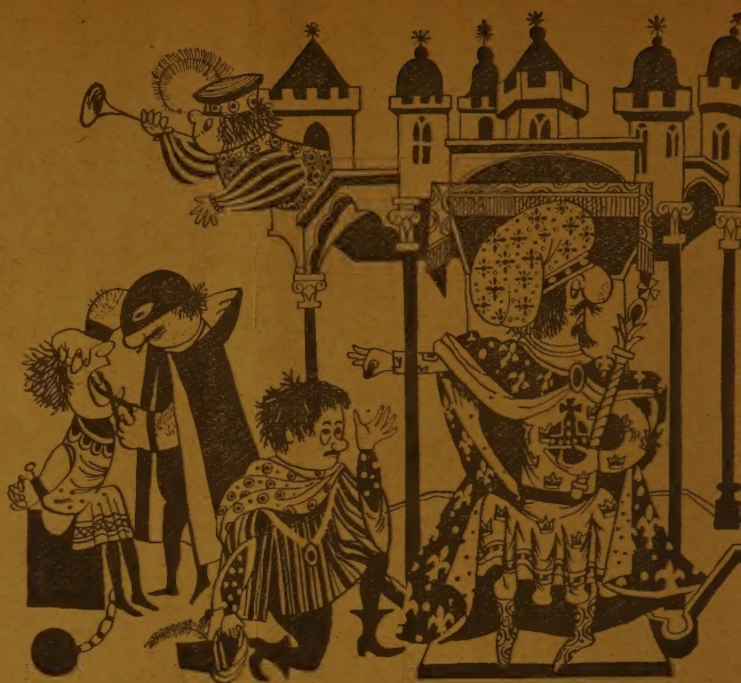
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The Listener

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Irresponsible Society

By RICHARD M. TITMUSS

I PROPOSE to discuss what I call the 'irresponsible society', two aspects of it in particular. One relates to the problem of arbitrary economic power. Who behind the 'decorous drapery of political democracy' (in Professor Tawney's phrase) has power, who really governs, who is and will be making the critical decisions that will influence the design and texture of social and economic life in the nineteen-sixties? My other theme concerns the position of the powerless groups in society: the dependent poor, the sick and disabled, the mentally afflicted, the feckless and the obscure. Both themes raise questions that cannot be asked—at least in public—in the Soviet Union. Boris Pasternak attempted to do so in *Doctor Zhivago* and was forced, poor man, to join the obscure.

If Western democracy means anything at all it must surely mean that we should be continually asking such questions and continually seeking answers to them. And by answers I do not want to imply that we should stop short at passing legislation to limit, for example, the exercise of arbitrary power or to change the rules about national assistance. The framing of new laws in the field of social policy does not, as the British like to believe, necessarily solve the social problem. We have, in addition, therefore, to do a great many things to see that legislation is effective in increasingly bringing the forces of arbitrary economic power under public scrutiny and supervision. Similarly, we have to do a great many things over a long period of time if we wish to raise, more than proportionately, the quality of life of the underprivileged minorities. Well-intentioned welfare legislation does not, by itself, suffice. Nor is it enough, in an increasingly prosperous society, to claim, for instance, that the poorest fifth of the nation are sharing in this increased wealth. To take up such a position, to set this as our objective, can imply that in absolute terms we shall be accepting a society of more inequality; relatively

more social injustice. We can too easily forget that in any society there are substantial sections of the population who have for many reasons an immunity to the processes of economic growth.

Moreover, in the scale of values that distinguishes the liberal democracies from the authoritarian states, to claim that we are richer than they are should not be, I submit, the fundamental test of the effectiveness and morality of different economic and social systems. What is fundamental is how we use and distribute our increasing affluence; the extent to which we collectively decide to deny ourselves to benefit others; and the degree to which we bring under public control the exercise of arbitrary economic power.

In the past half-century two of the great forces that have helped to sustain the debate about power and poverty in Britain have been war and mass unemployment. They have had more to do with the growth of the Labour Party than the dogma of Victorian Marxism. They have tamed for long periods the appetites of Conservatives for inequality and élitism. If we assume, as we must in all faith assume for the purposes of social policy, that these forces have been banished, where do we look in future for the men, the movements, and the values that will continuously nourish the social conscience?

In America a number of thoughtful observers are now asking questions about the affluent society and the future of democracy. They have discovered that in a period of unprecedented economic growth the proportion of old people with low incomes—more than 50 per cent.—was virtually the same in 1957 as in 1947. 'We are breeding', it is said, 'a new type of human being—a guy with a full belly, an empty mind, and a hollow heart'. It is 'the age of the shrug', dripping with fat, professional and trade-union selfishness, and social unconcern. It is made explicit in such books as *The Waist-High Culture*.

During the past ten years the record in Britain of social inquiry and protest about power and poverty suggests that growing affluence may be having similar effects. Little has been done to redefine and restate in modern terms the inherent illogicalities and contradictions in the managerial capitalist system as it is developing within a changing social structure. We have signally failed to identify and study the new concentrations of economic and financial power which may threaten the rights and liberties of the subject to choose the values and decide the social priorities that will shape his society. While the large tax-free fortunes of the nineteen-fifties were being accumulated we made little effort to discover the real incidence of poverty and the standards of living among the old and other dependent groups. This, to me, is one of the more striking signs of the irresponsibility of the nineteen-fifties. In so far as a society fails to identify, by fact and not by inference, its contemporary and changing social problems it must expect its social conscience and its democratic values to languish.

All one can say with assurance is that, in terms of the relationship of national insurance benefits and allowances to average industrial earnings, most beneficiaries are relatively worse off today than they would have been in 1948. The fall in standards for them is a bigger fall into poverty. There are now about 2,500,000 people on National Assistance. Counting other dependent groups, the sick, the disabled, the handicapped, and the old who are deterred from applying for National Assistance, there may be some 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 people today living precariously close to the margins of poverty.

Who Uses the National Health Service?

There is little here to suggest that much progress has been made during the last ten years to concentrate help through the public services on those whose need is greatest. For all we know this conclusion may hold for other branches of the social services: medical care, education, housing and other welfare provisions. In terms of the quality and effectiveness of medical care (for the physically and mentally ill), who are the major beneficiaries of the National Health Service? We do not know: no official attempt has been made to find out who utilizes the Service, how often, in what sectors of cost and quality, and with what results. In the matter of housing, social workers could, ten years ago, quite hopefully put their more serious cases of hardship on council waiting-lists. Now it is hopeless in many urban areas; waiting-lists have either been abolished or remain as a polite administrative fiction. And many people believe that, without a revolution in local government and its financial resources, the new mental health provisions for community care will remain virtually a dead letter.

These illustrations of the retreat from government in the field of the traditional social services are indicative of what we may expect in the nineteen-sixties. Secretiveness in administration, an appalling lack of facts, the decline in quality of royal commissions and committees of inquiry have all combined to maintain much of the mythology of 'the Welfare State'. Many of us must also now admit that we put too much faith in the nineteen-forties in the concept of universality as applied to social security. Mistakenly, it was linked with economic egalitarianism. Those who have benefited most are those who have needed it least. We are only just beginning to see that the problems of raising the level of living, the quality of education, housing, and medical care of the poorest third of the nation calls for an immense amount of social inventiveness; for new institutional devices, new forms of co-operation, social control, ownership, and administration, and new ways of relating the citizen and consumer to services that intimately concern him. Social ideas may well be as important in Britain in the next half-century as technological innovation.

These problems will not and cannot be solved by the private insurance market, by property speculators, by forcing land values to insanely prohibitive levels, or by any criteria of profits and tax-free gains. Private enterprise is building only about 1,000 new dwellings a year in the County of London, for example, and most of these are luxury flats for the rich. Nor will these problems be solved by the growth of the 'social welfare firm' and the provision of more occupational and fiscal benefits. Such developments in the last ten years have nearly all been concentrated on the

better-off third of the population, particularly in respect of pensions, tax-free lump sums, compensation for loss of office, life assurance, sick pay, school fees, higher education, housing, free clothing, travel, and an immense variety of benefits and amenity in kind. Fringe welfare, as it is so charmingly called, rises steeply with income. The cost of private pensions per employee for monthly paid staff, for example, exceeds that for weekly paid staff by about 700 per cent. Tax-free lump sums on retirement run from £100 at the bottom to £40,000 at the top. Such ratios would seem high even in the U.S.S.R.

Fringe Welfare

The annual value of fringe welfare today, including cheap stock options, may well exceed, if spread over working life, the salaries paid to the managerial, executive, and other classes. Their standard of living is doubled—or more than doubled. But it is mostly contingent welfare; the undivided loyalty tranquillizer of the corporation; the basis of a new monolithic society which, as Mr. Theodore Levitt has said of the American corporation, is on the way to becoming 'a twentieth-century equivalent of the medieval church'.

This leads me to my other theme and to consider recent trends in the concentration and combination of economic power. Simply for purposes of illustration I take as an example the power of the private insurance corporation. Here five big mergers took place last year to reduce still further what little competition remains between these large-scale bureaucracies. The last decade has witnessed something of an explosion in the accumulation of immense funds in the hands of these insurance companies and pension trusts. The rate of growth in this control over the 'economic surplus' may be even more dramatic in the next ten years. Though there are many causes, it is the relatively sudden impact and union of two major forces in Western society that has led to this explosion: demographic change and economic growth. No one who attempts to foresee the future of the public social services (to say nothing of economic freedom) in Britain, the U.S.A., and other countries can now ignore this development.

Although only meagre information has been published it would seem, if we compare New York and London Stock Exchange lists, that the percentage holding of equities by British insurance companies and pension funds was in 1957 already more than double the percentage holding of common stock by their opposite numbers in the U.S.A. In other words, these institutions are twice as powerful in Britain as in America in terms of the ownership of industrial assets. More significant still is the rate of growth of these funds as a source of new capital. According to the Radcliffe Report the insurance companies and pension funds 'constitute by far the largest single source of new capital, the net rate of accumulation of the funds of the two groups of institutions being some £600,000,000 per year'. As investors, they now dominate the City.

We know virtually nothing about how this responsibility is exercised. The insurance companies even refused to disclose to the Radcliffe Committee the market value of their assets. Their freedom from public supervision and control was, according to one speaker at the 1957 Actuarial Congress in New York, 'the envy of insurers in the stronghold of private enterprise'.

Power Concentrated in Few Hands

This is one example of the growth of arbitrary power, a potential power, which can affect many important aspects of our economic life and our social values in the nineteen-sixties. It is power concentrated in relatively few hands, working at the apex of a handful of giant bureaucracies, technically supported by a group of professional experts, and accountable, in practice, to virtually no one. From other points of view it is a force making for greater centralization of decision-making power, reminding us again, as the Conservative Party has recently done, of Disraeli's warning: 'Centralization is the death-blow of public freedom'.

We do not know how this power is being used in terms of social welfare priorities or how far these massive investment funds are being or will be used to restore the outworn, mid-Victorian social capital of Britain. What we can only call 'social policy decisions' are, however, continually being made, without any

proper awareness or public discussion of what is involved in terms of the common good, and what consequences may flow from the choices made. It all goes on in what Weber described as 'the secret sessions' of private bureaucratic power. 'The "secret"', he added, 'as a means of power, is, after all, more safely hidden in the books of an enterpriser than it is in the files of public authorities'.

Underlying the notions of continued economic growth is the assumption of a dwindling role for government. One consequence is the muffling of social protest and the spread of conformity. Another is the growth of arbitrary financial and economic power.

The public services are thus increasingly seen, as Professor J. K. Galbraith says, as an incubus; an unnecessary, doctrinaire burden on private enterprise. The act of affirmation, the positive political decision about equality and its correlate freedom, becomes harder to make as the majority of voters (and not just the top 10 per cent.) grow richer. Negatively, they assume—in so far as they are helped to think about these matters at all—that the unseen mechanisms of a more prosperous market will automatically solve the problems of the poverty of dependency, the slums of obsolescence, the growth of irresponsible power, and all the contradictions that flow from undirected or misdirected social policies.

—Third Programme

Japan between East and West

The second of two talks by IVAN MORRIS



Two of the stamps issued this year for the centenary of the first Japanese diplomatic mission to Washington: the 'Kanrin Maru' crossing the Pacific—

arranged an elaborate programme for the months of May and June. Special monuments were erected, stamps issued, goodwill missions exchanged, rallies, banquets, concerts and exhibitions organized. The climax was to be President Eisenhower's visit to Tokyo in June. He was going to have a game of golf with the Prime Minister, Mr. Kishi; he was even going to pay his respects at Meiji Jingu, one of the greatest Shinto shrines in Japan. And for the day of the President's arrival Mr. Kishi had thoughtfully arranged a special treat: ratification of the Security Treaty, which was to usher in 'a new era' in Japanese-American relations. 'All in all', wrote the *Japan Times*, 'there can be no doubt that cities throughout Japan and America will celebrate this centennial as few, if any, centennials have been celebrated before'.

The newspaper wrote truer than it knew. For hardly was the ink dry when the happy picture of hands across the ocean was rudely shattered by the huge, near-revolutionary riots in Tokyo. The President cancelled his visit and the treaty was ratified in a clandestine, hole-in-the-corner manner that

IF statesmen and publicists could determine political developments, 1960 would have been an auspicious year indeed for relations between Japan and the United States. It is exactly one hundred years ago that the first Japanese diplomatic mission to the West travelled to Washington to exchange ratifications of the new Treaty of Amity and Commerce.

To celebrate the centenary of this happy event the Japanese and American Governments

must surely be unprecented in diplomatic history.

President Eisenhower tried to salvage something from the wreckage by describing the ratification of the treaty as 'a signal victory'. But to any objective observer the word 'Pyrrhic' would have seemed more appropriate. The official American diagnosis of the disaster has been to blame it all either on the Chinese Communists (as President Eisenhower did) or, in Mr. Hagerty's words, on 'a small organized minority led by professional Communist agitators acting under central direction and control'. Explaining things away in this fashion not only is dangerous (in that it credits the Communists with greater strength than they have until now gained in Japan), but misses the main point of the demonstrations—that the organizers of the riots could not possibly have achieved the success they did were it not for the widespread sentiment in favour of neutrality, which made a large part of the Japanese public look at them with tolerance, if not sympathy.

In considering the basis of this widespread neutralist sentiment, we should differentiate between two kinds of neutralists. First there are the 'pseudo-neutralists', who regard neutrality simply as an intermediate stage between the present situation, in which Japan is closely tied to the West, and the day for which they are working, when she will be associated with China and the Communist powers. These pseudo-neutralists are a small but influential minority and it is they who were largely responsible for the recent crisis.

Far more widespread, however, is what may be termed 'sentimental neutralism'. It is supported



—and President Buchanan of the United States receiving the Japanese mission on its arrival



Japanese outside the U.S. naval air station at Atsugi, south-west of Tokyo, demanding the removal of American military bases from Japan: a photograph taken last month

by the majority of the left wing in Japan and has great appeal among a large part of the non-committed section of the population. Its advocates can be found in every walk of life, from the housewife who believes that if Japan is neutral her family will be spared the horrors of a future war, to the university professor who supports an 'independent diplomacy' in which Japan will remain aloof from the East-West confrontation and thus provide both sides with an edifying example of moderation, or to the owner of a small bicycle factory who thinks that a neutral Japan could do a roaring trade with Communist China.

I call this type of neutralism sentimental because it is based on emotions rather than on a clear assessment of Japan's position in the world. Consider the question of defence, for example. The sentimental neutralist regards the treaty with America as a 'lightning rod' which, in case of war, will attract the fury of Russian retaliation; yet he has no clear idea about how Japan could defend herself without such a treaty. He is against Japan's building up her own armed forces, which would presumably be necessary if the Americans withdrew, and he thinks in terms of some vague four-power non-aggression pact between Russia, China, Japan, and America. He often cites Switzerland and Sweden as examples to follow, but he usually overlooks the fact that these countries maintain large defence forces of their own.

The question of relations with China and the rest of Asia is a central one for the neutralist. He frequently refers to his country as the 'orphan of Asia', cut off from all its important neighbours because of its unnaturally close ties with a completely alien country 5,000 miles away. If, so the argument runs, Japan could be allowed to work out her own *modus vivendi* with China, not only would prosperous trade relations be built up between the two countries but the general tension in the Far East would be immeasurably reduced. Restoring normal relations with Communist China need not mean that Japan would swing to the left. Instead she would retain an intermediate position between the two great power blocs, and could even become a sort of third force, like India, round which the smaller Asian countries could rally for support and for technical assistance in raising their living standards.

False Assumptions

This point of view is a popular one in Japan and even finds some takers in the West. But I submit that it is based on a web of wishful thinking and false assumptions. For one thing Japan's relations with China have never been equal or in any sense normal. During the greater part of recorded history China regarded Japan as one of her vassal states, and Japan's desire for trade and cultural imports meant that she was often obliged to accept this humiliating status. Already in the fourteenth century we find a situation in which Japan wanted to trade freely with China while China insisted on difficult political conditions. From the middle of the seventeenth century Japan entered on her 200 years of voluntary seclusion and her relations with the rest of Asia came to a virtual stand-still. In the mid-nineteenth century it was not China but the West that brought Japan back into relations with the outside world. When Japan next looked at China it was as a field of potential exploitation and colonization. To speak of restoring normal relations with China is thus to ignore history. Indeed, it is hard to imagine what equal relations between such disparate countries would mean.

So far as recent relations with Communist China are concerned, three facts stand out clearly. First, trade experience with Communist China was extremely disappointing. Despite the rosy predictions of Socialists and of many business men, the Chinese never met even those modest target figures on which they had agreed. In the peak year of 1957 trade with the Chinese mainland accounted for no more than 2 per cent. of Japan's overseas trade, far less than that with Formosa. Secondly, despite Japanese efforts to increase this trade, China in 1958 unilaterally suspended all relations with Japan, cultural as well as commercial, for the simple reason that Japan refused to accept her political conditions. Since then China has kept up a constant barrage of vituperation against the democratically elected Japanese government. Thirdly, China has pursued a deliberate policy of trying to ease Japan out of south-east Asian markets and has even given Japanese manufacturers a taste of their own medicine by copying their designs.

Faced with such disagreeable facts the Japanese neutralist replies that Chinese truculence will cease as soon as Japan cuts off her close ties with the United States and becomes truly independent. Here we are squarely in the realm of wishful thinking. For what earthly reason is there to believe that, once Japan stops receiving the economic and military benefits of her present ties with the West, China will adopt a friendly policy and help Japan establish herself in Asia? On the contrary it is hard to see how a militarily and economically isolated Japan could long avoid being submerged by the continental colossus.

A Meaningless Comparison

As for the much touted idea that Japan should emulate India by becoming a sort of Third Force in the Far East, all one can say is that geographically, economically, and historically Japan's position in Asia is so different from that of India as to make any comparison meaningless. To take only the historical point: Japan herself is an ex-imperialist nation and, though memories of her bellicose behaviour in Asia have faded faster than one might have expected, Japan is still far from being a country to which any of the smaller Asian states would confidently look for guidance—except on purely technical matters. Apart from all this, there are signs that India herself, now faced with the hard facts of Chinese policy in Asia, may be taking a more realistic attitude to Communist China. Japanese neutralists, on the other hand, are largely impervious to the harsh lessons of Ladakh and Tibet. For most of them Communist China retains its romantic attraction; the words 'aggressive' and 'imperialist' are reserved for the U.S.A.

The emotional and illogical basis of the neutralist position in Japan does not, however, lessen its appeal. To favour neutralism has become a mark of respectability in intellectual circles and a sign of good sense and 'sincerity' among a large part of the public. In an opinion poll conducted throughout the country a year ago people were asked how security for Japan could best be achieved. Only 14 per cent. favoured dependence on the Security Treaty with America; 24 per cent. believed that Japan must look to the United Nations; and the largest number (35 per cent.) replied that Japan should be neutral. Yet, widespread as neutralist sentiment may be, it has not been strong enough to put the Socialists in power. In the general elections of 1958 and 1959 the main issue by far was whether Japan should pursue her present policy of close ties with the West or whether she should, as the Socialist Party advocates, adopt a more neutral position and cultivate closer ties with Asia. Each result was a resounding victory for the conservatives, the Liberal Democratic Party.

How are we to reconcile this with the strength of neutralism? My own answer would be that the emotional arguments in favour of neutralism are skilfully exploited by the pseudo-neutralists and have an increasing appeal for a large part of the population. For a minority, perhaps for about one third, this appeal is sufficiently cogent to make them oppose the present alignment with the West. Although most of the remaining two-thirds of them would prefer a situation in which Japan could maintain effective neutrality and enjoy closer relations with Asia, they realize that for the time being Japan is obliged to retain her special ties with the West as the conservative Liberal Democratic Party advocates.

This explains why public opinion polls about the Security Treaty so often elicit the response, 'Such a treaty can't be helped'. In other words the conservative-voting majority accepts the need for close ties with America—but without enthusiasm. And it is precisely this attitude that lends strength to a vocal minority which favours a form of neutralism leaning towards China.

Increase in Neutralist Sentiment

The U-2 incident, and Mr. Khrushchev's threat to strike at U-2 bases in Japan, have increased neutralist sentiment immeasurably. I still doubt whether it is strong enough to put the Socialists in power. But it is a sentiment that any future conservative government will ignore at its peril. It was precisely by ignoring, or at least underestimating, it that Mr. Kishi produced the situation that culminated in the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit, and in his own resignation. So it is likely that the next conservative government, however large its majority, will be more responsive to neutralist pressures than its predecessors.

What practical effect will this have on Japan's position in the world? The conservative government will probably continue to regard close ties with the West as the basis of their foreign policy. But they are likely to adopt a less committed position *vis-à-vis* the United States, and this may be reflected, among other things, in greater control of American bases and efforts to secure trade with China.

This is a far cry from the way in which the Socialists would respond to neutralist pressures if they ever came to power. On a goodwill mission to Peking last year the present head of the Socialist Party, Mr. Asanuma, declared that the United States was the common enemy of China and Japan. We can well imagine what neutralism would mean under his government. Almost inevitably it would pave the way for a Communist take-over. This would be the culminating disaster for the West, not primarily because of the loss of bases, but because the productive capacity of the most advanced and industrialized country in the East would be added to the immense potential resources of China, and because a prosperous democratic country would be lost to the non-Communist world. If this happened the balance of power in Asia would swing irrevocably against the West.

What can the West do to guard against these dangers? First, we can help to keep the Japanese economy viable by encouraging a high level of trade. In a country with as bloated a population as Japan's and so dependent on exports, any serious setback in trade would have political repercussions that would make the recent demonstrations look like a Sunday-school outing. These would be ideal conditions for the extreme left to take power.

Secondly, the United States should co-operate as far as possible with any attempts by a future conservative government to remove the main provocations to neutralist sentiment. The most important of these is the presence of American bases in Japan. An abrupt

reversal of policy might be dangerous; but the Japanese should be told that the present situation is not permanent, and they should be helped in every way to build up their own defence forces. To maintain foreign bases against the will of a large part of the population (even if it is not a majority) involves far greater risks than moving these bases to some more amenable territory such as the Philippines, or even relying entirely on long-distance weapons. Better half a loaf than no bread at all: a secure alliance without bases would in the long run be far preferable to the present precarious situation. It is unlikely that the removal of American bases would in itself appease the Communists or the pseudo-neutralists, whose next big target would probably be the American position on Okinawa. But it would nullify the most potent argument that the pseudo-neutralists can use in their appeal to the non-committed part of the population—namely, that American bases will involve Japan against her own will in a future nuclear war.

Finally, what we must avoid at all costs is taking Japan's present close ties with the West for granted, as reflected for example in this statement by an American expert on Japan: 'The Japanese people will contribute unsparingly to the common defence of our two nations when they come to believe that they are moving, together with the American people, towards a commonly perceived destiny'. Nothing could be more misleading. Now, as before the war, there is an emotionally explosive quality about the country which might easily lead her to take action against her own best interests. Neither Japan's political structure nor her international alignments are as secure as is often assumed. For a good part of the Japanese population Communist China exercises a magnetic attraction which it would be dangerous for us to ignore.

—Third Programme

Mr. Morris's first talk, 'Japan between Left and Right', was published in THE LISTENER on July 28

A Note of Harmony

DOUGLAS BROWN, B.B.C. correspondent, on the Nyasaland agreement

FEW conferences can have ended on such a note of harmony as the Nyasaland Conference in London. Indeed, at the closing session Dr. Banda was near to tears as he looked across the music room at Lancaster House towards the Colonial Secretary, and said: 'When I met you it became clear to me for the first time that I was dealing with a Colonial Secretary who knew that other people too have views that need to be respected by those in high places'.

Yes, there were strong emotional overtones at that closing session, but one could understand why. I was told that at two o'clock on the last day there was complete disagreement between Dr. Banda and his Malawi Congress Party and Mr. Alan Dixon and his United Federal Party delegation. This was about how long the new constitution should be in being before it came up for review again, before the next stage of African advancement. In the end, they settled on the formula: 'a reasonable period of trial'. And this, said the official report, was to ensure stability for economic and social progress and further constitutional advance. Now it all depends on what is meant by 'a reasonable period'. I saw Mr. Dixon, and the settlers' idea seems to be about ten years before Nyasaland can become independent. I saw Dr. Banda and put the question to him. His reply was 'No, not ten years; not five, even'. There the problem is; but if 'reasonable' is a word that could bedevil this issue in the future, it is the one word that can be applied to everything else about the conference.

I saw Dr. Banda a day or two after he arrived here, and he told me that his minimum demands were 'one man, one vote', and independence by about mid-autumn. I saw Mr. Alan Dixon and Mr. Michael Blackwood of the United Federal Party: they were thinking in terms of gradual and progressive changes spread over something like fifteen years. Each day the conference was on, I expected that the whole thing would break down. Guided and inspired by the incisive, charming, yet logical and quiet person-

ality of Mr. Macleod, each side has given way with good grace.

You will remember that Dr. Banda wanted an enlarged legislature of fifty-five members, forty-six of them Africans. What he is getting is a legislature of thirty-three members, in which the Africans can expect a clear majority. Dr. Banda wanted, too, an immediate Cabinet system with ten or twelve Ministers. Instead there is to be an executive council of ten, presided over by the Governor, but it is expected that several members will be Africans. Above all, the Governor will select his men in consultation with the party leaders, and when they take office they will assume ministerial status and be associated with the day-to-day administration of departments of government.

Then there is the question of who is going to vote. In brief, about 100,000 people of all races will have a chance to elect a member of parliament in the ordinary way for the first time. Mr. Macleod says the mechanics of getting the election going could well take nine months, and not less than six. Elections cannot, it seems, be held before the review of the Rhodesian Federal Constitution due in London in January. The overriding problem of Nyasaland's position—be it in or out of the Federation—has not been settled. We do not know yet what the commission, under Lord Monckton, that has been inquiring into the Federation, is going to recommend. Dr. Banda has said again that he is as much opposed to the Central African Federation as ever. And if one wants to get a quick and violent reaction from the members of the Malawi delegation, the word 'Welensky' does it. There is always a hope that the Monckton Commission will produce a magical formula.

Nyasaland is well on the way to becoming an African state. But my last thought is that look on Dr. Banda's face, when he emphasized and re-emphasized that he was as much opposed to federation as ever. There was the shadow—let us face it—of South Africa and *apartheid*.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Listener

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Passion Play, 1960

WHEN Eduard Devrient, the German theatre historian, saw the Passion play at Oberammergau in 1850 he praised it for 'rising before us, perfect in its old German atmosphere, as fresh and alive as if it had been conceived yesterday'. Yet, two months ago the Mayor of the village announced that the play needed re-writing and admitted there were certain weaknesses in it that ought to be removed. And, in a stimulating talk which we print today, the Rev. Gilbert Cope suggests that although the play 'has its moving moments, the presentation is such a confused and complicated compromise that it is bound to be unsatisfactory by any standards theatrical or theological'. Do these opinions mean that Oberammergau is in decline and the festival there not what it was? Would such a decline matter? Hasn't the propaganda about the play been just another example of Bavarian astuteness in catering for tourists, from the time of the German romantic movement to the alpine enthusiasms of the Third Reich and on to the present day?

Most people, however, would agree that the Oberammergau season has grown to be something of greater importance than other festivals. Under the original Vow of 1633 the villagers promised that if God would save them from the plague they would perform every ten years a play of Christ's sufferings. As Mr. Cope suggests, this Vow still means a great deal 'in a spiritual sense' in Oberammergau itself. So it does in the rest of the world. Except for a postponement after the first world war and no performance in 1940 the citizens have kept their Vow. Their faith in doing this and the spiritual power with which the actors among them do seem to have infused their performances have built up a strong tradition. For many this is a more important aspect of the play than whether it is primarily baroque or nineteenth-century in feeling, or how exactly the text derives from the kind of Good Friday laments that during the Middle Ages were celebrated at the nearby monasteries of Augsburg and Benediktbeuern.

Dr. Alois Fink explains in this year's English guide* to the festival that the people of Oberammergau, while refusing to make hasty decisions, are constantly aware of the need to give the old unchanging contents of the play a new form that will be in keeping with the present age. No doubt, as with other festivals where local talent is employed, criticisms can be made of the acting. But few who see the play this year are likely to be disappointed enough to believe that more would be gained than lost by bringing in players from outside the village's own resources. Many will agree, however, with the artistic and theological defects which Mr. Cope has noticed in the present run of performances. Undoubtedly some of the freshness that Devrient admired has been sacrificed ever since the revision of the text by J. A. Daisenberger. His is the later nineteenth-century hand that may have to be removed from any new version of the play. Artistically, Oberammergau now needs the touch of a Reinhardt to loosen the Pre-Raphaelite groupings on the stage. Theologically, the text needs to be restored to the purity of Gospel tradition without being returned to the pattern of staccato incompleteness so characteristic of the medieval lamentations, when these were first introduced to help tell the story of the Passion.

What They Are Saying

The United Nations and Katanga

THE CONGO SITUATION has been commented on by radio and press all over the world, the issues principally discussed being that of the entry of United Nations forces into Katanga, the withdrawal of Belgian troops from the province, and the question of the standing and rights of Mr. Tshombe, the Katanga leader. Cairo radio, in English, affirmed that 'the Belgian colonialists were complicating things for the U.N.' The commentator said:

It is unthinkable that the U.N. forces should be used to provoke or extend warfare. Secondly, the U.N. cannot act in the Congo without the Central Government's consent. On these two counts it is difficult to conceive that the U.N. will force Katanga to rejoin the Congo, nor can the U.N. fail to observe the Security Council's resolution regarding the integrity of the Congo. This is a problem for the Congolese people . . . There are indications that if it were left to the people of Katanga alone they would have forthwith reattached their province to the Congo.

Moscow home service, on the other hand, saw the Katanga issue in relatively simple terms:

They say that the insolence of a traitor has no bounds. The traitor of the Congolese people, Tshombe, has confirmed this truth by his actions. Waving about his home-made flag of independence, this lackey of the imperialists has even issued an order for general mobilization of all able-bodied men in Katanga for military service. Tshombe acts on orders from and with the support of Belgian and other colonialists who want to . . . replace on the shoulders of the Congolese people the yoke of colonial slavery. The situation demands the most energetic and firm measures on the part of the U.N.

Chinese Communist transmissions quoted an article in the newspaper *Ta Kung Pao* which attacked the United States as the 'neo-colonialist' villains of the Congo crisis:

The imperialist countries headed by the United States have been stepping up armed intervention against the Congo in the name of the U.N., giving shield to the Belgian aggressor troops by means of the U.N. troops, and making use of the U.N. as a tool of further infiltration into the Congo. The ultimate purpose of U.S. imperialism, to use the U.N. as a tool of intervention against the Congo, is not for Belgium's colonial interests, but for replacing Belgium in the Congo and finally swallowing the Congo.

Shortly before Mr. Hammarskjöld rescinded his decision to send United Nations troops into Katanga the independent Belgian newspaper *Le Soir* said people would not fail to note with bitterness and impotence, but legitimate anger, that they were faced with a surrender by Belgium to the Congolese, to anarchy, and to a United Nations diktat. On the other hand the Belgian Socialist newspaper, *Le Peuple*, considered that the arrival of U.N. troops in Katanga would be logical and reasonable. The Belgians in the Congo, said the newspaper, would continue to be treated as enemies as long as their troops remained in Katanga. The Brussels correspondent of the Swiss newspaper *Basler Nachrichten* said there was much understanding for Mr. Hammarskjöld's difficult position, but it was deplored that his decision to enter Katanga was not taken in the light of the situation, but in that of the renewed Soviet threat to intervene in the Congo.

The *New York Herald Tribune* thought that Mr. Lumumba would be advised to tread softly in the matter of Katanga:

Opposition to Lumumba in the Katanga is real and understandable, and reconciliation will require more tact, not demagoguery. After all it was Mr. Lumumba's own inability to govern which created the chaos in the first place, and Mr. Hammarskjöld was right to remind him that further attempts to play off East against West will rebound first and foremost to the Congo's disadvantage.

The *Washington Post* considered, in the light of Congo events, the question of aid for the emergent countries of Africa:

Experience in the Congo shows that the United Nations can be the vehicle for assistance which the people of Africa will welcome with minimal suspicion . . . A programme through the U.N. is the only feasible offset to the . . . flashy offers of bilateral Soviet aid, complete with armies of Communist technicians.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

VISCOUNT STORY

'IT IS NOT possible to work out how many people have actually flown in British aviation's best seller', said REGINALD TURNILL, B.B.C. Air Correspondent. 'We do know that Viscounts have logged 3,000,000 flying hours, and from that one can estimate they have actually flown 780,000,000 miles; but no one seems to know how many miles the average passenger flies. All one can say with confidence is that something over 50,000,000 people have enjoyed the view from a Viscount's windows. That is the equivalent of everyone in England—so let's settle for that.'

'Last January even Sir George Edwards, chief designer of the Viscount, seemed to think the order book then standing at 409 might soon have to be closed; but the orders keep coming: two for Ghana, two more for Japan, another for Brazil. Now it is up to 424, and there are those at Vickers Works, in the middle of what was once the famous Brooklands race track in Surrey, who think 500 will be reached before they pull up the jig.'

'The Viscount story began in 1944, with the idea of building a civil airliner round four of Sir Frank Whittle's new gas-turbine engines. Twelve years ago the first experimental Viscount flew, half the size and with half the power now provided by the Rolls Royce Dart engine. And now forty-two airlines are operating them in thirty-four different countries—in cash terms, £170,000,000-worth of aeroplanes. But airlines are not the only customers. One would not expect private firms, and even individuals, to buy an airliner costing £500,000, but in fact Viscounts have sold well to this sort of customer, and Vickers are just starting a big new attack on the executive market. Past purchasers range from the fabulous "cornflake" family, Mr. and Mrs. May of Philadelphia, who run a private Viscount just as other people run a yacht, to American oil and steel firms, the Royal Bank of Canada, and the Tennessee Gas Transmission Company. The Governments of Canada, South Africa, India, Pakistan, and Brazil all operate V.I.P. Viscounts, and the Shah of Persia regularly uses one too.'

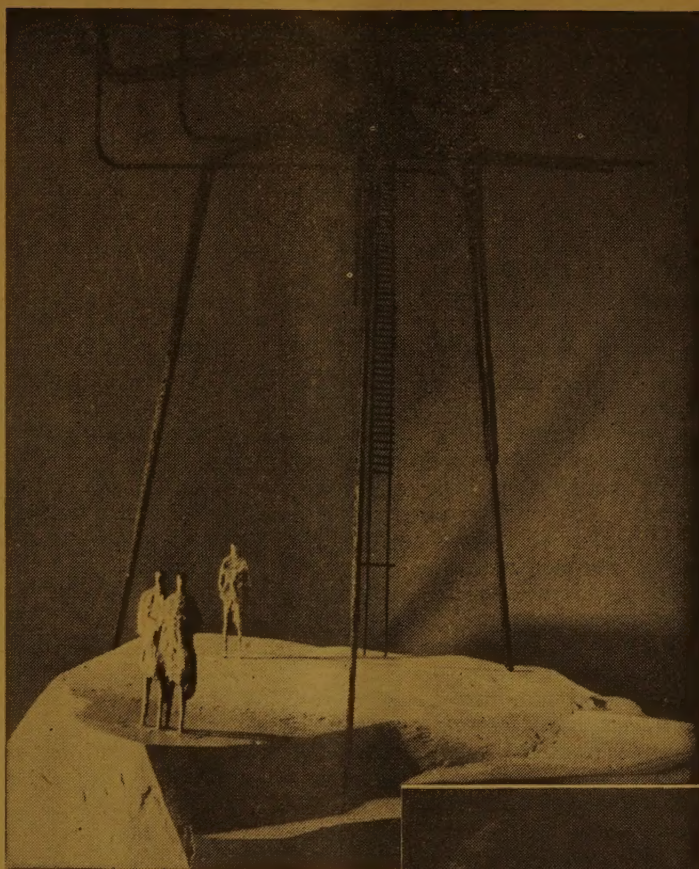
'The big selling point is that it is now so well known at the world's airfields that one can be sure of spare parts and maintenance, no matter where one flies. So new Viscounts will continue to roll out of the hangars. Perhaps in years to come, far into the 'seventies, they will be sharing the skies with the supersonic jets'.

THE ARTIST SPEAKS

'I am very excited to be alive in the twentieth century', said REG BUTLER in a talk in the B.B.C. Television Service. 'Things such as driving fast in a motor car that is shaped like a piece of

sculpture give one a sensation of speed being almost a plastic form; almost something one can feel physically. So do the ordinary experiences of living in the country and enjoying the weather and not having to catch the 8.12 to London every morning.'

'What seems important to me is that a man should do what he must do because he is that sort of person. Whether what he does is significant to other people is purely in the lap of the gods. I make sculpture because when I am making sculpture I feel to be the kind of person I



Detail of the model for 'Monument to the Unknown Political Prisoner', by Reg Butler (inset, right)

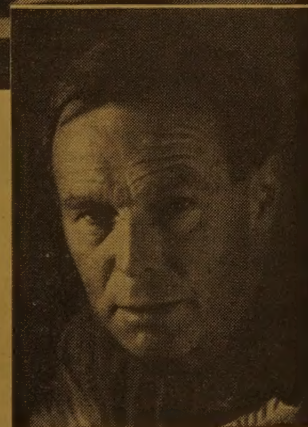
am most. The fact that there are other people who find meaning in my work is in a sense quite incidental.

'I think that if art is merely a way of recording reality, even merely a way of emphasizing certain aspects of reality, then half its potentialities are lost. If you are going to get art into anything like top gear, you have to see in it a means of extending the frontiers of your experience. The important thing, for instance, about drawing is to start off with a sheet of paper. You make a mark on that sheet of paper. Then you make another mark, and gradually a drawing grows. In the same way a sculpture grows in the studio.'

'The idea of using sculpture and painting as a means of projecting oneself into a new world is something that has fascinated me ever since I was a very small boy. It gives a capacity to follow one's imagination almost in a literal sense. I almost become a minute creature so that the work I am doing becomes infinitely large, so that I am literally in a strange world. When I come out of the studio, I come back into the world of normality.'

'The whole idea of using art as a means of creating unknown worlds, unknown forms, undiscovered experiences, is the motive power behind the best in surrealism, and something which I continually find exciting. I become very depressed and miserable about my sculpture at times, but I do have this feeling of being who I am most of all when I am making sculpture. The activity has become such a part of my life that I only really recognize myself in the kind of working clothes that I wear in my studio.'

'I am always being asked: "What does the 'Monument to the Unknown Political Prisoner' mean?" Generally speaking, it has been thought of as five bob's worth of bent wire, quite devoid of



Mr. Butler's 'Study for a girl tying her hair', 1959 (detail)

any relationship to human beings and human problems. As I see it, it is a tower standing on a rock against the open sky. On this rock stand three figures gazing up into the heights of the tower and remembering the political prisoners who died in the concentration camps. People often say it is inhuman. And there is an inhuman element in it, expressed I think by the tower. But the really human part of it is the three women who stand and gaze from their position on the rock. It is a kind of stage set, high up, overlooking the world around.

'While I was living at Hatfield, exciting delta-winged aeroplanes were being developed, and obviously I spent much of my time staring up into the sky watching these planes being put through their paces. It may be significant that not so long after that I found that I was modelling heads looking straight up into the sky. The preoccupation with that particular sculptural problem has continued ever since. I think it is reasonable to imagine that one is liable to project into the sculpture feelings that are going on in one's own body.

'I used to be a blacksmith and am used to working in metals; the first metal sculpture I made was in forged iron. The images I produced then carried with them a character that came very strongly from the material I was using. The sculptures that I am most engaged on at the moment, which are rather fat and fleshy and different from the iron sculpture, are generated purely by the process of making sculpture; in other words, one starts off with one's hands in a plastic material. Sculpture is made out of what excites one. I have been talking about motor cars and things like that; but, of course, quite honestly one of the most exciting things in the world is a girl, and my sculptures, rightly or wrongly, tend often to be a celebration of that fact. I would not want my figures to be an essay in formal values, that would only be a part of the thing. But at the same time I would not want them to be purely pin-ups that have been created for no other reason than to underline the fact that biologically life is very exciting if you are normally healthy and not too old. I am an only child. I had no sisters. Perhaps one of the things I like doing very much is making these imaginary sisters, which I can make in whatever image I like.

'I often try to get the mass in my figures up in the air like an explosion, supported as efficiently as I can on thin material. I like to see people on a trapeze, tumblers, the whole process of human beings in movement, the whole feeling of this lump of flesh in space dissociated from the ground. I made vast numbers of kites when I was a child. The idea of that thing up in the sky, merely attached to me by a long thread. . . .

'It is a strange thing, perhaps, but at the moment I am much happier making a single sculpture than I am making one or two figures. In fact I have done only one principal work consisting of more than a single figure. This may be perhaps because I seek a personal relationship between myself and the sculpture I make.

'If one likes making sculpture, and if one has to earn one's living by doing some other kind of job, as I have had to at various times in my life, the great disadvantage of that is solely the time that is stolen. I find that there are many jobs that I would love to do. I like making architecture. I like designing furniture and carburettors and a hundred-and-one things. But as I grow older

I have to devote my time more and more to the thing that is of greatest importance to me. Otherwise I feel that opportunities are being lost all the time'.

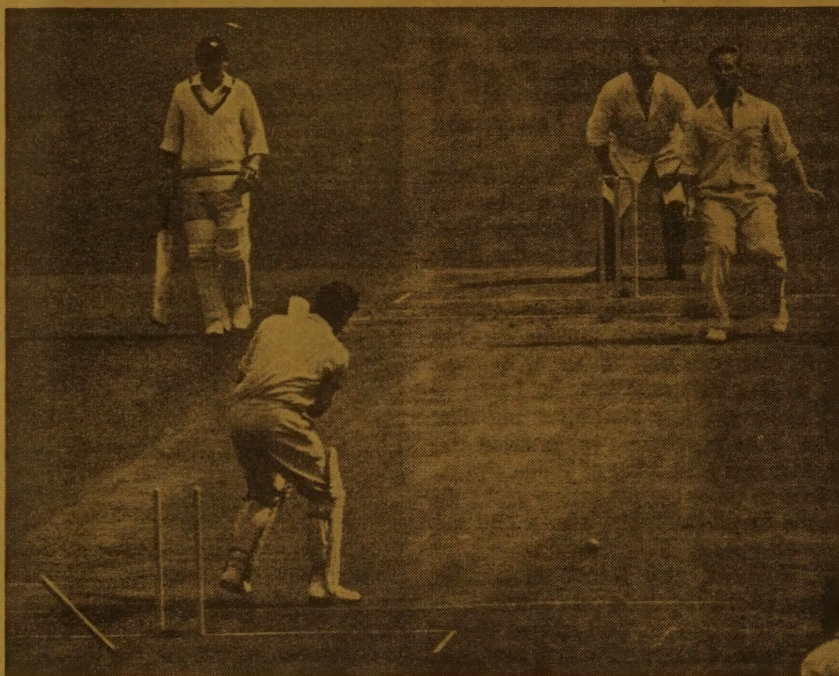
MEMORIES OF THE ROSES MATCH

Last week, in one of the most exciting finishes to a game of cricket in modern times, Lancashire beat Yorkshire by two wickets in the 170th Roses match. During the lunch interval on Bank Holiday listeners to the Home Service heard a reminiscent talk by BILL BOWES, the former Yorkshire and England fast bowler.

'From a player's point of view', he said, 'a good performance in the Roses game is the best guarantee for consideration by the England selectors. The selectors are not expected to know anything about the deep feelings of county pride and determina-

tion that are stirred by these Roses games, but they do know that every run has to be fought for, maximum effort goes into every detail of batting, bowling, and fielding. The qualities needed to do well in the Lancashire and Yorkshire game are the same as those needed in Test matches. Cyril Washbrook, who has scored more runs for Lancashire against Yorkshire than any other player, says: "The Roses game is the next best game of cricket to an England-Australia Test match".

'It is strange then that this enjoyment cannot be traced in terms of chuckles and humour. It is mostly a relish for the discomfiture of the opposition. Maurice Leyland, the former Yorkshire left-hand batsman,



Taylor of Yorkshire clean bowled by Higgs of Lancashire during Yorkshire's first innings in this year's Roses match at Old Trafford

says: "We played these games too earnestly, too seriously for humour, but I once remember playing an innings at Old Trafford, stone-walling for four and a half hours to save the game for Yorkshire. Long before I had finished the barrackers had now't else they could say, and when I was going through t' pavilion at close of play, a great friend of mine, a Lancashireman, stopped in front of me and said: 'Maurice, you . . . you . . . you . . .' He couldn't think of anything bad enough and he just turned on his heel and went".

'I asked Arthur Mitchell if he could remember anything funny happening in a Roses match. "Aye", he said, "I remember Percy Holmes at second slip appealing for l.b.w. He wor t'only man to appeal, and t'umpire gave Charlie Hallows out. That wor funny!" When I put this question to Brian Statham, he replied: "I remember when Yorkshire had us on the run. Ken Grieves scored seventy and saved the game for us. He was dropped seven times—five times in three overs just after he went in: I never saw Yorkshire faces so glum. I *did* laugh".

'My own funniest memory is of Jack Iddon batting at Bradford. Maurice Leyland, fielding at third man, had thrown his arm out, a few weeks previously. He couldn't throw the ball back, he just had to lob it, underarm. Iddon noticed this, but what he didn't know was that Maurice could raise one throw in ten weeks. Ten weeks—that was the recovery period, and Leyland dared not waste that one throw. Iddon's runs got cheekier and more daring, until finally he shouted to his partner: "Come two, he can't throw". Leyland's little legs sped to the ball, he picked up and let go his one throw. Iddon was run out by yards, indeed he stopped in mid-wicket, wagged his finger at Leyland and said, "Maurice you . . . you tyke. Kidding me. I oughter known not to trust a so-and-so Yorkshireman".

Twentieth-century Man Takes Over

By ALISTAIR COOKE

IT must be soothing to know months and even years ahead of an election who your leader is going to be, whichever party gets in. If you in Britain held an election tomorrow, and I presume if you hold one in 1962, either Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Gaitskell is going to be Prime Minister. Possibly you have not thought of this as one of the blessings you ought to count; but I should hasten to say that most Americans would be shocked to hear me praise this system as a virtue. For all the groaning and sweating that goes on in the party conventions, and the grumbling and muttering afterwards, Americans are wedded to the deep belief that the least a democracy can do is to let its people choose their chief executive. There is no point in arguing these things, since all self-governing nations believe that while the other fellow's customs are interesting, and even perhaps ingenious, your own customs are the best for you. And so they probably are.

In between the conventions I went up to San Francisco and visited an old friend of mine who is a professor across the bay—at the University of California at Berkeley. He is a fine and distinguished scientist, a most gentle and kindly human being, and in politics he is, I should say, a mourner for Stevenson. He had looked in, as we all can these days thanks to television, on the Democratic Convention, and he was rather bruised by what he saw. The spectacle of 3,000 professional politicians was a little much for him and he sighed the big sigh that comes so easily to liberals, and he wished that 'the people' might have an even more direct choice of a Presidential candidate, from many more runners; and he complained that politics was, to put it brutally, run by politicians.

Machine Politicians

This is always an appealing line, and especially to anyone who has run much across machine politicians who keep their noses to the local grindstone and whose whole ambition in life is to see that any gravy handed out by the federal, or state, or local government shall flow their way. But there is something to say even for such men, and it is the one harsh fact about political life that free-wheeling critics of the two-party system are least willing to face. It is the fact that these low, grasping politicians work at politics. They expect no harvest without a lot of planting. In the United States they usually begin in the smallest unit of a constituency (a Congressional district), which is called a precinct. They may begin as an election inspector or a ward-heeler. They make lists of the people registered in their party, and then they go around in rain and shine and knock on the doors of the unregistered to try to persuade them to join the party. They get rebuffs and sarcasm and doors slammed in their faces and sometimes—if they are lucky—a cup of coffee. Being practical men, they don't expect something for nothing. They are the first to hear if someone in their precinct has lost his job or become ill. They visit him—they try to get him a new job, or they cadge an old portable television set from another party worker and take it to him in the hospital. In depression times, and always in depressed places, they form a kind of secular Salvation Army: they come through with crude necessities—they bring a pair of shoes, an old coat, a mended doll at Christmas for the small daughter.

All this may be con-money, so to speak, that leads to a vote, that may lead—through similar humble labours in a thousand places—to the election of a Franklin Roosevelt. It may also prepare the way for the election of a corrupt judge or for the bagging of a construction contract in which the big boys in the party have a personal interest. But the main point is that all professional politicians in the United States, however little and however grand, act and work on the principle that you must not expect some-

thing for nothing in this life, and that one small favour is well-remembered. Usually, such men have few theories about the Cold War, or the liberation of the 'satellites', or the pressing need to expand the rate of growth of 'the national product'. They do not read books about 'The Affluent Society'. They do not deplore conformity. In line of work, I have met thousands of these men; some are fine men, and some are foul, and most are in between.

Influential Professors

I explained to my professorial friend that even professors can get to be influential in their own neighbourhoods if they will undertake these small and incessant chores. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois is an eminent professor of economics and went into politics directly from the University of Illinois or Chicago, I think. Senator McCarthy—I hasten to say Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, a coming man in the Democratic Party—was a professor of sociology before he went to Congress. Woodrow Wilson was President of Princeton before he was elected Governor and then President of the United States. On the other hand, most members of the House and Senate were lawyers, and the rest have been everything from business men (Senator Symington) to medical missionaries (Representative Judd) to jet pilots (Senator Goldwater). What unites them, once they go into politics, is the firm belief that political opinions and political ideals are mere balloons set adrift unless you chain them down to the ground you live on and the people you live with.

My professor, it turned out, did not know how those 3,000 Democratic delegates got to Los Angeles (or their Republican counterparts to Chicago). I bring it up at this late date just so that you may pause and think again about the disorder and the clownishness of some of the routine proceedings at Los Angeles. The convention system certainly remains a meticulously democratic method for letting the people choose from all the runners their man for President. The first step towards a national convention is a meeting of the party workers in every precinct in the United States. They pick a man or a woman who, they believe, will best speak for them. These chosen men and women then go off, early in the year, to a county convention. (There are 3,000 counties in the continental United States, not counting the new states of Hawaii and Alaska.) The county convention, which is a miniature of the institutions we have seen in action in Los Angeles and Chicago, votes a proper number of delegates to go to a state convention. And at the state convention they ballot again to pick—from the thirty, forty, fifty, or whatever counties in the state—the state delegation that will go to the national convention to represent the state in picking a President. It would be hard to think of a more painstaking, more exhaustively, laboriously, democratic method of isolating, from 180,000,000 people, the men and women who shall choose the Presidential candidates. It is more democratic than the method of choice of a Congressman; it is far more democratic than the method by which we assign two U.S. Senators to every State, irrespective of its population. (In the U.S. Senate, 15,000,000 people of New York are represented by two Senators, and so are the 180,000 people of Nevada.)

Need to Go Out and Learn

So I found it hard to go along with my professor's restless distaste for the men and women who picked Kennedy and the other group that picked Nixon. I told him that if he wanted to form another party, or even to have a say in what goes on at a national convention, he had better go out and learn what everybody in his neighbourhood did for a living, get to know their real, nagging problems, study the unemployment statistics, know how many babies there were and whether the supermarkets stocked the proper foods, how the school system was financed and run, which

street corners in his mountainous town were traffic hazards and should be so posted: and a score of other things that are tedious but necessary to know about if you are going to *earn* the right to influence other people's votes. I truly believe that we all get the government we deserve; and the conventions reflect, more fairly and democratically than any self-governing institution I know, the choice of the people: which must always mean the choice of the people who are willing to work for the right to choose.

The two parties have chosen four men, of whom three at least are fairly unfamiliar to you. Mr. Nixon, in a way, is the least well known. For he suffers from a villainous stigma branded on him by the Democrats in 1952; and when you meet him he is more of a puzzle than a total stranger, because first he does not look or talk or act like a witch; and secondly he is more amiable and infinitely more intelligent than you had been led to believe. Senator Kennedy, it is now fashionable to say, is a cat of the same breed: a cool cat—immensely able, a conscientious worker, a calculating machine, and a symbol of the New Man in politics, the organization man who prefers a card-catalogue on his constituents to a guitar and a slap on the back. There is not much point in trying to psycho-analyse the two Presidential candidates at this stage. By their works you are going to know them.

But one thing struck me at both conventions; first, the way Senator Kennedy looked and talked the night he gave his acceptance speech; and, secondly, the way Mr. Nixon ploughed into Chicago and took over the reins of the Republican Party. Something became brutally plain when Kennedy advanced to the rostrum, something that had been a mere suspicion, a smart but

baseless theory before then. Senator Kennedy was standing in front of Hubert Humphrey and Adlai Stevenson and Stu Symington and Senator Johnson and old Averell Harriman and just about every other Democratic big-shot excepting only Harry Truman, who stayed home in Independence and fumed. He was fuming for the right reason, for the fundamental cause of his bile was the early recognition, which came late to us and only at this very moment of Kennedy's speech. It is simply that at last the twentieth-century man, whom we have talked about for sixty years but never convincingly identified, has come into his own in government.

Suddenly all the men who stood behind Kennedy looked older than their years: they were phantoms from the family album and their names and faces echoed such old experiences as the depression and Munich and Lend-Lease and the atom bomb and the great age of Roosevelt. Suddenly, the choice of two men who were both young Navy officers in the second world war has rendered obsolete the Trumans and the Harrimans and the Achesons, the Hoovers and the Deweys and even the Stassens—all and any of the men in their sixties and late fifties whose political training took place between the wars or during the second war. Eight years from now, there will be a whole generation that never knew Roosevelt and will never have heard of Dewey and Stevenson. It is a painful wrench, because we all like to go along in the lazy, comfortable theory that poppa—usually in his sixties—knows best. In July, 1960, the United States banked its leadership on two young men who were in their middle twenties in the second world war. It could presage a bigger revolution than any we have known.—*Home Service*

Back from Oberammergau

Reflections on the Passion play by the Rev. GILBERT COPE

I CAME back recently from Oberammergau with my mind full of questions about the play. The underlying question, I suppose, is what purpose there is—or might be—in a twentieth-century stage production of a nineteenth-century emendation of a baroque re-writing of a medieval interpretation of first-century events. There are obviously considerable problems in presenting eighty performances, each lasting eight hours, spread over five months, in every tenth year, with a cast of some 700, before an audience of well over 5,000 at each performance. But it is just because what was once a village play of peasants and craftsmen has now become a large-scale international occasion, deeply imbedded in the big business of travel, that it deserves to be looked at in a critical spirit.

Although the play has its moving moments, the presentation is such a confused and complicated compromise that it is bound to be unsatisfactory by any standards, theatrical or theological. Compromise has been reached from every angle. In the first place, the production is neither professional nor amateur: the actors, even for the main parts, must have been born or have lived for a long time in the town, so it is a matter of chance whether or not, in any tenth year, there are citizens available who are able to sustain exacting roles (especially that of the Christus) before a very large audience. A more intriguing restriction is that only virgins may play the women's parts; and this, surely, must lead to further complications which remain a matter of surmise.

There is compromise again in the matter of stage presentation: for instance, although the male players allow their hair to grow untrimmed, and the female players avoid modern hair-dos, and everyone wears costume which is approximately biblical, all other 'make-up' is prohibited. I happened to see a performance on a sunny day, and it struck me that there was little or no attempt to make use of the exciting light effects produced by the sun in its nine-hour transit: the movements of the players were so inflexible that no advantage could be taken of adventitious patches of sunlight—on one significant occasion the Christus walked right

through a dramatic natural 'spotlight' leaving two or three disciples inappropriately haloed.

The stage itself, with its fixed setting in the bogus classical style of the Third Reich, and the central boot-box 'stage within a stage', is neither truly ancient, medieval, nor modern. This concrete setting predetermines the form of the production to such an extent that any future producer will hardly be able to avoid an involved compromise between historical realism and dramatic symbolism.

The historical compromise is itself disturbing and the confusion of 'period' certainly does not create an illusion of timelessness. There are three repetitive elements in the scene-by-scene presentation: a spoken prologue with a sung chorus; then a tableau of an Old Testament occasion; and finally a sequence from the Passion narrative. The prologue and chorus present themselves in the classical manner, and no less than fifteen times string themselves out in an unbroken line, fifty-three people long, across the stage. As the curtains part for the tableaux they too withdraw themselves like a living curtain. At first this is impressive, but it soon gets tedious; one wishes that the forty-eight members of the chorus could show, like chromosomes, some variety in their disposition. The lines of both prologue and chorus are curiously uninspiring, and for anybody unfamiliar with the typological method of interpreting Scripture they must seem singularly obscure. The tableaux themselves, skilfully mounted in the inner stage, are extraordinary examples of pre-Raphaelitism come to still life. It is remarkable that anyone in the latter part of the twentieth century should go to so much trouble to produce so many three-dimensional versions of Alma Tadema-type pictures of Old Testament occasions.

The truth is that the dead hand of the nineteenth century lies heavily over the whole production: gone is the peasant vigour of the medieval mystery, departed the flamboyance of sophisticated rococo; present the perverse fascination of wax-works, and unarrived the mobile symbolism of modern theatre.

There is not much of the underlying medieval Passion left in

the present production: the low comic relief has been entirely extirpated from the nineteenth-century text. For example, it is said that as late as 1840 Satan and his minions were assisting Judas to commit suicide, and that Beelzebub 'drags Judas's guts away, to pass away the time of day' by appearing to draw the traitor's entrails from his hanging body, and then giving them as food to his demonic offspring: since the entrails were made of a local delicacy they were devoured with unconcealed glee by the small boys who represented the imps of Satan. In many ways it is a pity that this and similar touches have disappeared, but it would be no more than anti-quarian affectation to put them in again. Yet, without contrasts in the texture, the drama tends to become tedious; and without points of relaxation the tension mounts less effectively. Surely it ought to be possible to add touches of the irony characteristic of Jesus to a dramatic representation of the Passion? For instance, the foot-washing need not be dealt with in a heavy-handed and ritualistic fashion.

The play also raises in an acute form a problem which is common to all modern presentations of sacred history, namely that of language. It is generally agreed that the 'book' needs re-writing; but perhaps not many people know that there have already been several radical revisions of the text. There are three outstanding versions of the play which have to be taken into account: first, a 1662 version which retains some elements of



The chorus strung out in a long line across the stage at Oberammergau

the medieval mystery; secondly, a baroque version of 1750 by Rosner; and, thirdly, the Daisenberger mid-nineteenth century re-writing of the baroque version—this is substantially the basis of the 1960 production. There has been some current experimental re-writing; but the part of this I have seen myself in an English version does more to demonstrate the magnitude of the task than to inspire confidence in the outcome.

It is, of course, easier to make adverse comments than to put forward a positive alternative programme. Is there any standard of comparison? Perhaps the nearest familiar analogy is the production of Shakespeare's plays at Stratford-

upon-Avon. Many of Shakespeare's themes, like those of the Bible, have a permanent significance for mankind, and many thousands of people from all over the world visit his birthplace on a kind of secular pilgrimage. But, though representatives of the local family of brewers are usually prominent on the governing board of the Memorial Theatre, it would occasion considerable surprise if one of them assumed the role of producer and insisted that the entire cast should have a Stratford birth or residence qualification (as though they were members of a county cricket team). Yet precisely this is the situation at Oberammergau. This year's director-producer, seventy-year-old G. J. Lang, brother of the Mayor, is a local sculptor and wood-carver; and magnificent though his achievement is one cannot help wondering what might have been



The Last Supper: a scene from the 1960 production of the Passion play

the result in the hands of a younger man whose vocation did not consist of composing wooden groups of figures. Whilst one would not expect the kinetic approach of film production to be applied in this case and would not want, necessarily, the speed of the current Stratford production of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for example, with the cast continuously jumping on and off the revolve, one could wish for a certain amount of streamlining. G. J. Lang's deputy and nominated successor, another wood-carver by the way, would do well to pay at least one visit to Stratford before the next production.

At Oberammergau the entire suffering of the Christus is played out in the greatest possible detail. The wisdom of this is doubtful; and the attempt to treat the Gospel accounts with complete literalism at once raises insuperable difficulties. The matter comes to a head in the presentation of the Crucifixion. In Bavarian piety there is a preoccupation with the tortured sufferings of Jesus and his terrible end: in many of the nearby churches the astounding visions of a rococo heaven are offset by realistic painted wood-carvings of the blood-stained Christ and by real skeletons in their glass coffins above the altars. But on the Oberammergau stage this concern for realism, like that of the Pre-Raphaelites, tends to produce a curious effect of unreality, and indeed at times of incredibility. And yet, apparently because of the dangerous effects of too great a degree of realism in this scene of sadistic torture and agonising death, Oberammergau resorts to the appalling device of dressing up the Christus in pink vest and tights! Perhaps the right way to solve this problem would be not to attempt to reconstruct the scene frontally and in detail at all, but to present the crucifixion indirectly in such a way that the audience sees it in silhouette.

Problem of the Miraculous

Another problem is the miraculous element. The inclusion of a glimpse of the Risen Lord striding out of the tomb, which the Gospel-writers refrain from describing, is the opposite of convincing. And the final tableau of the Ascension is pure Hollywood—the Christus, carrying cross and banner, appears to rise from a low pyramid of long-haired white-robed women—presumably

intended to represent angels. The effect may be unearthly, but it is not divine.

Underlying all this are the theological questions. We live in a post-critical age, and no serious student of the Scriptures can now be satisfied with a simple 'harmony' of the Gospel texts. Then, too, there are problems of interpretation which have been disclosed by recent study. What, for example, really was the role of Judas Iscariot? Who was Barabbas? Do we know the full charge against Jesus and why the Jewish leaders were so violent? In the teaching activity of Jesus how was the emphasis distributed between politics and eschatology? Above all, how did Jesus think of himself and his Messiahship? What did he think would happen in Jerusalem—in Gethsemane—on Golgotha?

A Johannine Christ

The present production, understandably enough, does not show any awareness of these problems. The Christus, especially as played by Anto Preisinger, is a relatively passive and withdrawn figure—the gentle victim accepting his fore-ordained fate as a prelude to glorification. This is very much the Johannine Christ, and such a result is inevitable if St. John's Gospel is extensively used as a source for the words of the Saviour. And, since the Passion narratives of the synoptic Gospels provide little more than fragments of a rather staccato and enigmatic character, the words to be spoken by Christ in any play must be either taken from the Fourth Gospel or freely invented. It is a difficult choice to make. A cynic might say that the village mystery had now got so out of hand that the only thing to do would be to translate it into modern American, export it wholesale to Hollywood, and forget it. But, in Oberammergau, in spite of the travel agents, the Vow still means a great deal in a spiritual sense.

The Mayor has announced that the next production will be based on a thoroughly revised, shortened, and re-written text. Germany does not lack the theologians, dramatists, and musicians to make a really good contemporary job of the new version; and this year's Judas Iscariot may well have unprecedented opportunities when the mantle of the producer falls upon him.

—Third Programme

Two Poems

The Other Ghost

But there's another ghost who at cockcrow
Comes back from nowhere, takes me by the hand,
He loves no churchyards, does not mop and mow,
Would rather run than walk, would rather stand
Than sit down or lie low.

Why are we waiting? Off he goes, a rocket:
Ahead at once, he's out of sight soon after,
And no more seen that day. But when I chuck it
I hear asleep antipodean laughter,
And he will lap me on tomorrow's circuit.

Yet he's no brain, for all his sputnik flight:
Ask him a gambit, stratagem or counter,
How to outflank the enemy by night,
All he can say is, aim at the dead centre
And strike with all your might.

That he's a ghost I make no doubt at all:
Only a ghost could cut so clean through things,
Make gossamer impassable, stone wall
Pervious, and make his voice sound, when he sings,
Like telegraph wires did when I was small.

HAL SUMMERS

Ackermann's Oxford

From yellow cloud to yellow stone
His wilting sunlight drains away,
Floods masonry with sombre tones
Through an uneasy summer day:

Unfolds a shadow pattern, blown
In storm-washed skies of early May—
A tapestry of Cotswold stone,
Palladian sun and Gothic grey.

Groups, caught in triviality,
Compose the mood these tints designed
Whose water-coloured city lies
Trapped in a season of the mind.

In stagnant sun they meditate,
Remote as saints whom sense obeys;
Too rigid in their poise to ape
Time's easy fashion of decay.

The filtered light through chapel glass
Suggests where centuries belong,
As Georgian stone and white robes pass
To shallow dusk of Evensong.

DONALD THOMAS

The Sky at Night

Other Moons

By PATRICK MOORE

DURING the present summer both the two giant planets Jupiter and Saturn are visible in evening skies. Jupiter is so brilliant that it cannot be mistaken, even though it is rather inconveniently low over the southern horizon; Saturn is much less prominent, but is still bright enough to be conspicuous. It lies east of Jupiter, and is slightly higher up. Telescopically both the giants are magnificent objects. Jupiter shows the famous 'cloud belts', and the Great Red Spot, which was invisible throughout 1959, has now reappeared; Saturn is encircled by its unique system of rings. In addition, both the giant planets are attended by satellite families which are also of absorbing interest.

The Earth has one natural satellite, our familiar Moon. But, rather strangely, there is considerable doubt as to whether it should be regarded as a normal satellite. It has approximately one-quarter the diameter of the Earth, and 1/81 of the mass, so that it is exceptionally large compared with its primary. Moreover modern research has shown that it and the Earth never formed one body, as used to be believed; the old idea that the Moon broke away, leaving a scar now filled by the waters of the Pacific Ocean, has been disproved. On the whole it may be better to regard the Earth-Moon system as a double planet rather than as a planet and a satellite.

Mars has two dwarf attendants, Phobos and Deimos. Neither is more than a dozen miles in diameter, and neither can be seen without the help of a powerful telescope. Uranus has five satellites, and Neptune two; while Mercury, Venus, and Pluto do not appear to have any. (A satellite of Venus was reported now and then during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but its existence has not been confirmed, and in all probability it does not exist.)

Early in the year 1610, Galileo first turned his primitive telescope toward Jupiter, and discovered four star-like objects which he recognized as being satellites. He may not have been the discoverer—claims on behalf of the German observer Simon Marius have been made, apparently with some justification—but he was the first to make scientific studies of them. Their existence strongly confirmed his belief in the Copernican rather than the Ptolemaic system of the universe. In his own words:

We have a notable and splendid argument to remove the scruples of those who can tolerate the revolution of the planets round the Sun in the Copernican system, yet are so disturbed by the motion of one Moon round the Earth, while both accomplish an orbit of a year's length about the Sun, that they consider that this theory of the universe must be upset as impossible; for now we have not one planet only revolving about another, while both

traverse a vast orbit about the Sun, but our sense of sight presents to us four satellites circling about Jupiter, like the Moon about the Earth, while the whole system travels over a mighty orbit about the Sun in the space of twelve years*.

It was these teachings which later led Galileo into such trouble with the Inquisition.

The four Galilean satellites of Jupiter, now known by the names of Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto, are easy telescopic objects. Good binoculars will show them when Jupiter is well placed, and there are authenticated cases of people who have been able to see them without any optical aid whatsoever. They are comparatively large globes. According to recent measures, Ganymede and Callisto are about 3,200 miles in diameter, Io 2,300, and Europa 1,950, so that only Europa is smaller than our own Moon. Ganymede, the most massive of the four, has an escape velocity of about 1.8 miles per second, but no trace of an atmospheric mantle has been detected. Callisto is as large as Ganymede, but much less massive; its escape velocity is only 0.9 miles per second, and it must be differently constituted. Surface details on the Galilean satellites may be observed with large telescopes, and French astronomers working at the



Jupiter and (below) Saturn, as each might appear from one of its satellites



Drawings by David A. Hardy

Pic du Midi have been able to draw up provisional maps of them.

Their distances, reckoned from the centre of Jupiter, range from 262,000 miles (Io) to 1,170,000 miles (Callisto); their periodic times from 1 day 18½ hours, to 16 days 16½ hours. Naturally, they undergo phenomena of eclipse, occultation, and transit. These phenomena may be watched with the help of a small instrument, and are both interesting and spectacular.

In 1675 the Danish astronomer Ole Rømer used the eclipses of the Galilean satellites to measure the velocity of light. It had been noted that when Jupiter was at its closest to the Earth, the

* Galileo Galilei: *The Sidereal Messenger*, 1610; translated by E. S. Carlos, 1880

eclipses happened earlier than predicted; when Jupiter was at its most remote, the eclipses were late. Römer decided that the discrepancies were due to the fact that the light from the Jovian system had to travel different distances at different periods; and he calculated a velocity for light which was remarkably close to the modern value of 186,000 miles per second.

In 1892 E. E. Barnard discovered a fifth satellite of Jupiter, known generally (though apparently unofficially) as Amalthea. It is closer to its primary than any of the Galileans, and has a periodic time of only 11 hours 57 minutes. It is however a small body, with an estimated diameter of only 150 miles.

The remaining satellites are not dignified by names, but are known only by their numbers: VI, VII, and X revolve at distances of about 7,000,000 miles from Jupiter; XII, XI, VIII and IX form an outer group at a distance of roughly 14,000,000 miles. None can be as much as 100 miles in diameter, and all are excessively faint; in fact it has been pointed out that an observer on Jupiter itself would need a 6-inch telescope to see them! Number VIII, originally found by Melotte in 1908, was 'lost' altogether for fourteen years after 1941, and was not detected again until 1955, when S. B. Nicholson photographed it with the aid of the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson. The four outermost satellites revolve round Jupiter in a 'wrong-way' or retrograde direction. Owing to the various perturbations, the orbits of these minor satellites are not even approximately circular, and it is suggested that the bodies may be captured asteroids rather than proper satellites.

Saturn's Nine Satellites

Saturn has a retinue of nine satellites (a tenth, reported by W. H. Pickering in 1904 and named Themis, has not been confirmed). The brightest of them, Titan, was discovered by Huygens in 1655, and is apparently larger than any of the satellites of Jupiter. Its diameter is in the region of 3,500 miles—considerably greater than that of the planet Mercury—and its escape velocity is 2 miles per second. In 1944, G. P. Kuiper discovered that it has an appreciable atmosphere, composed mainly of methane. Here, too, vague surface details are detectable with very large telescopes.

Titan is an easy object in a 3-inch refractor, since it has a stellar magnitude of 8. A similar telescope will show two further satellites—Iapetus, discovered by G. D. Cassini in 1671, and Rhea, also discovered by G. D. Cassini in the following year.

Iapetus is of considerable interest. It revolves round Saturn at a distance of over 2,000,000 miles, and has a periodic time of 79 days. When near western elongation it is comparatively conspicuous, but is much fainter when lying east of the planet. This behaviour is explicable only on the theory that its two hemispheres are of unequal reflectivity. Like most (if not all) of the other major satellites in the Solar System, Iapetus keeps the same face turned permanently toward its primary. There is no mystery about this 'captured rotation'; tidal friction over the ages is responsible.

The diameters of Iapetus and Rhea are difficult to measure with any accuracy, but are believed to be about 1,500 and 1,100 miles respectively. Dione and Tethys, also discovered by Cassini, are somewhat smaller, but may be seen with a 4-inch refractor. They are much about the same size (900 to 800 miles in diameter), but Dione is the more massive. Like the innermost satellites Mimas and Enceladus, discovered by Herschel in 1789, Tethys is of surprisingly small mass, and can hardly be a rocky body constituted in the same way as our Moon.

Hyperion, the seventh satellite, is so faint that even Herschel failed to detect it; it was found by Bond in 1848. More interesting, however, is the outermost of Saturn's family, Phoebe. It is less than 200 miles across, but is very remote from Saturn—some 8,050,000 miles—and has a periodic time of 550½ days. It has retrograde motion, and there have been suggestions that it too is merely a captured asteroid. Pickering discovered it in 1898, but large telescopes are needed to show it.

Saturn's satellites are much less spectacular than those of Jupiter. Apart from Titan, they are considerably smaller, and are much further away from us. Yet on the whole they are more interesting, and present us with a number of problems which await solution. Associated with the satellites are the rings of

Saturn, those superb objects which form perhaps the most glorious telescopic sight in the entire sky. Galileo observed them, though not clearly enough for him to tell what they were; their true nature was first announced by Huygens in 1659. During the present year they are well placed for study, and it is unfortunate that to British observers Saturn is still low in the sky.

The Three Rings

To be accurate, there are three rings. The outermost (Ring A) is 10,000 miles wide; then comes a well marked gap, known as Cassini's Division, with a width of 1,700 miles, and then the brightest Ring (B), 16,000 miles wide. The 'ring' described by Huygens was a combination of A and B. His telescopes were not powerful enough to reveal the gap between them, and this feature was first described by Cassini in 1675. Ring C, known as the Crêpe or Dusky Ring, lies between Ring B and the planet; it has been known since 1850, and is more or less transparent. The Crêpe Ring is 10,000 miles wide, and between it and Saturn is a 'clear' area 9,000 miles in width, into which our Earth would fit quite comfortably.

Though the rings measure about 170,000 miles from side to side, they are only about ten miles thick. When placed edge-on to the Earth, therefore—as will be the case in 1966—they appear only as a thin line of light, and disappear altogether in small telescopes. The rings are not solid or liquid sheets. In 1859 Clerk Maxwell showed that no ring of this sort could survive, since the entire system lies within what is known as Roche's Limit, and a solid or liquid ring would be disrupted by the strong gravitational pull of Saturn. In fact, the rings are composed of numerous small particles moving independently round the planet in the manner of dwarf moons. There is considerable evidence that these particles are icy in nature, since their albedo is high, and spectroscopic work carried out by G. P. Kuiper and others has led to the same conclusion. It may well be that the three inner satellites, Mimas, Enceladus, and Tethys, are composed of similar materials; this would account for their relative lack of mass for their size.

The origin of the ring-system is still in doubt. According to one theory Saturn used to have an extra satellite, which approached the planet to within Roche's Limit and paid the supreme penalty of being broken up and spread round in fragments. It has also been suggested that the rings are formed out of debris which never accumulated to form a satellite.

At any rate, the existing satellites have profound effects on the ring-system, and the Cassini Division is due principally to the action of Mimas—which moves at only about 30,000 miles beyond the outer edge of Ring A, and is itself not far outside Roche's Limit. Mimas has a periodic time of about 22½ hours. A particle moving in the Cassini Division would have a period of one-half this value (11¼ hours), and the effect would be for the particle to be forced out of the area, so that its period would no longer be half that of Mimas. In fact, Mimas may be said to keep the Cassini Division 'swept clear'. The other satellites make similar contributions, but the pull of Mimas is the most important. Similarly, the diffuse appearance of the Crêpe Ring seems to be due to the action of Dione and Rhea, which are much further out than Mimas, but are much more massive.

Will the Earth Lose its Moon?

An interesting suggestion has been made about our Moon. At present, tidal effects result in the Moon gradually receding from the Earth, with a corresponding increase in the length of our 'day'. The increase is very slight, but it has been calculated that eventually the Moon will revolve at a distance of 340,000 miles instead of its present 239,000. Subsequently the Moon will approach again, and may come within Roche's Limit for the Earth—in which case it would be disrupted, and the Earth would acquire a ring at the expense of losing a satellite.

It is extremely doubtful whether the Earth-Moon system will survive for long enough for this to happen, and much of the theory is uncertain, but at least it is interesting to speculate. Meanwhile we have the pleasure of being able to study the ring-system which surrounds Saturn. So far as we know, there is nothing else like it in the heavens, and it is a sight of which the observer can never tire.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of July 11

Prospect of Science—VII

Brain and Body

By G. W. HARRIS, F.R.S.

WE all know the unpleasant feelings associated with excitement and fear. A near accident in a car or the prospect of a visit to the dentist will leave many of us with a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach, weak at the knees, pale of face and with moist, trembling hands. Nothing in fact has happened to us—only various thoughts have passed through our minds. It is comforting to know that most of the physical changes that occur in times of stress and strain are beneficial. They may be thought of as toning up our bodily systems to deal with an emergency. I remember Dr. Jack Lovelock, who in his day broke the world record for the mile, telling me that if in the latter part of his athletic career he felt blasé about some minor club match, he would deliberately sit down in the changing rooms and think of the crowd outside, and what failure in the race might mean, until he had worked up sufficient nervousness to produce his best running time.

The Hypothalamus

We now know a precise region of the brain which exercises a direct control on these reactions. It is a very small region, which measures only about half an inch in all dimensions, and it is situated just above the floor of the skull, about half-way between the ears. It is the hypothalamus and it plays a fundamental role in our internal economy, in the balance between brain and body. It has been known for some time that, in the whole range of vertebrates, the hypothalamus is markedly constant in relative size and form, and this gave us a clue as to its function. All vertebrates have basically the same requirements in the control of their internal processes: digestive, circulatory, reproductive, and so on. It is with these needs that the hypothalamus is intimately concerned. This is not to say that other, more lately evolved, parts of the brain do not influence the internal organs. In fact we know that they do, but generally speaking they do so by acting through the hypothalamus, which forms a sort of focal point in the nervous system for dealing with these functions.

Having located, as it were, the source of the control, the next question is: how does the hypothalamus influence the body? One obvious way is through the complex of the nervous system, and in particular the involuntary or autonomic nerves which lead to the internal organs. This system mediates our sudden, quick responses: for instance, the reactions of rage, when the blood pressure rises, the heart quickens, the pupils of the eyes dilate, the mouth goes dry, and so on. If the hypothalamus is disconnected from the higher centres of the brain, in a cat for example, this rage pattern can occur in a spontaneous and unpredictable way, often in response to the most trivial of stimuli. The cat, lying quietly in a corner, may be sent into a paroxysm of rage by a fly settling on it. It is as if a brake had been removed by disconnecting the higher centres. The hypothalamus then seems to undergo a process of release and sets the rage pattern into action in response to a mild triggering stimulus.

We can also induce this sort of behaviour in normal animals by electrical stimulation of the rear of the hypothalamus. The cat may be sitting in the middle of the room quietly grooming itself, but a few seconds after turning on the stimulation it behaves in a restless fashion; it stands and looks around, its hair bristles, it spits, arches its back, and may actively attack any object such as another cat or a hand holding it. When the stimulus is removed, the whole picture changes dramatically: in a fraction of a second the animal is quiet, placid, and behaving in its normal fashion. We do not know whether the animal consciously experiences any of the sensations of rage, and for this reason we call the response 'sham rage'.

Stimulation of other regions in the hypothalamus has been found to evoke other patterns of behaviour. Some years ago, in Zürich, Professor Hess found a region, stimulation of which would

result in what may be regarded as almost the opposite to rage. A few seconds after starting the stimulation the cat would yawn, curl up in a corner, and go to sleep. On stopping the stimulation the animal could be easily woken up. More recently it has been found possible to stimulate an animal to drink or eat. It seems, then, that the hypothalamus is responsible for integrating or knitting together the various pieces of the bodily jig-saw puzzle that results in patterns of behaviour.

In addition to these quick reactions through the nervous system, the hypothalamus also produces slower, and longer lasting, effects by its control over the endocrine glands. These glands secrete various chemical substances or hormones into the bloodstream, which are carried to exert powerful influences over the organs or tissues. There are many of these glands in the body. But the so-called 'leader of the endocrine orchestra' is the pituitary gland situated in the floor of the skull, in a small capsule of bone. This gland is connected to the hypothalamus by a stalk, and it is really a double structure: it consists of two lobes, the posterior lobe and the anterior lobe, which act independently.

The posterior lobe is regulated by means of a rich nerve tract which passes through the pituitary stalk from the hypothalamus. This gland secretes hormones which exert important actions on many structures; including the breast, the uterus, and the kidneys.

Until a few years ago we were not sure how a baby obtained milk from its mother's breast. The act of sucking alone was known to be insufficient. The thin-walled ducts in the breast would collapse under the negative pressure in the same way that a thin-walled rubber tube collapses if you try to suck water through it. Besides, when a baby suckles one breast, milk often dribbles from the other . . . an observation depicted by Tintoretto in his painting 'The Origin of the Milky Way' in the National Gallery. It was therefore suspected that some active and positive response on the part of the mother co-operated with the child in the transfer of milk. We have recently found how this response works. The mother's reaction to the sensation of her suckling child excites the posterior lobe of the pituitary gland, the signal travelling via the hypothalamus. The gland then secretes a chemical substance called the oxytocic hormone, which is carried in the bloodstream to the breast. There it causes a contraction of the tissues, and milk is actively squeezed out. It is likely that similar nervous reflexes, releasing oxytocic hormone into the blood, play a role in the transmission of seminal fluid up the female reproductive tract following coitus, and in the delivery of the child during labour.

A Combination of Responses

In all these examples the posterior pituitary acts automatically—it either secretes or it does not—and its secretion always exerts its total activity. A combination of these responses may occur. For example, sexual excitement in a lactating woman will often result in dribbling of milk: in fact a compliment from her husband may be a sufficient stimulus. But always the state of mind of the woman involved is basic to the response. Worry and mental disturbance may block in some way the reflex discharge of oxytocic hormone and so may lead to disturbance of lactation, temporary sterility, or a prolonged labour.

So much for one half of the pituitary gland. The influence of this half appears relatively minor when we compare it with the role of the anterior lobe. The anterior pituitary has been referred to as the 'master gland' of the body. It controls growth in young animals, and also determines the activity of other glands such as the thyroid in the neck, the adrenals in the abdomen, and the ovaries and testes. These glands exert highly potent influence over many bodily processes. The extent of some of these influences may be seen if we consider what happens when the pituitary gland

(continued on page 225)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

August 3-9

Wednesday, August 3

Mr. Tshombe, Prime Minister of Katanga, says if Mr. Hammarskjöld's order for U.N. troops to enter the province on August 6 is carried out, it will be 'the signal for a general uprising' in Katanga

The referendum to decide whether South Africa will become a republic is to be held on October 5

The sterling area's gold reserves rose last month for the sixth time in succession

Thursday, August 4

Discussions take place in Elisabethville between Dr. Ralph Bunche, Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations, and Mr. Tshombe, the Prime Minister of Katanga

An American rocket aircraft flies at a speed of 2,150 miles an hour, the fastest flight ever made by a manned aircraft

Friday, August 5

Mr. Hammarskjöld announces that the sending of U.N. troops to Katanga is to be postponed pending a new meeting of the Security Council

The text of Mr. Khrushchev's reply to Mr. Macmillan's letter is published in Moscow

Saturday, August 6

President Nkrumah of Ghana says he will ask parliament for authority to take military action against Belgian forces in the Congo if the Security Council fails to settle the problem

The National Committee of shop stewards, an unofficial body, calls for a national strike of electricity power station workers

Sunday, August 7

The Cuban Government publishes a decree nationalizing all remaining American property in the island

A report published in Geneva by the International Commission of Jurists accuses China of systematically trying to wipe out Buddhism in Tibet

Thunderstorms cause floods in many parts of the country

Monday, August 8

Mr. Tshombe is elected Head of State by the Katanga Provincial Assembly

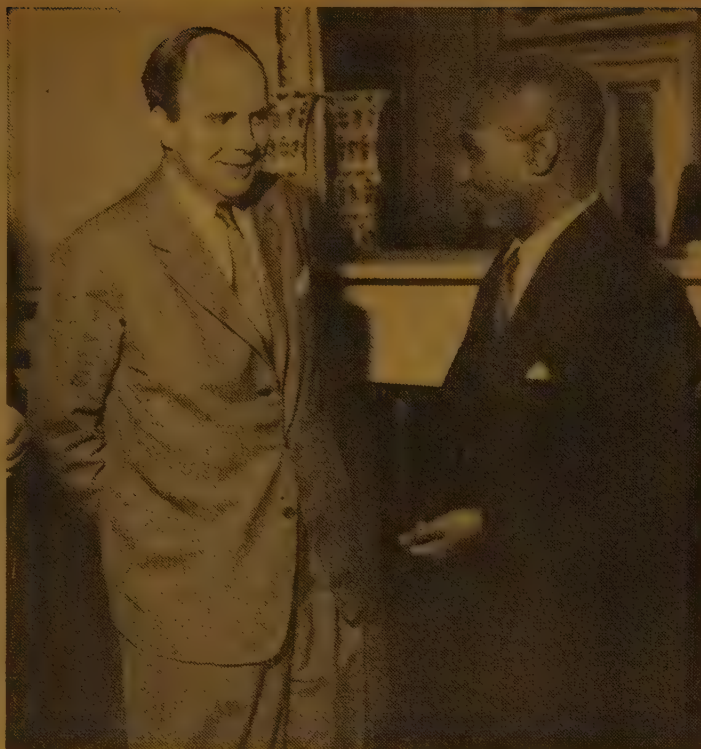
In a special message to Congress, President Eisenhower announces big reinforcements for American military commands

Tuesday, August 9

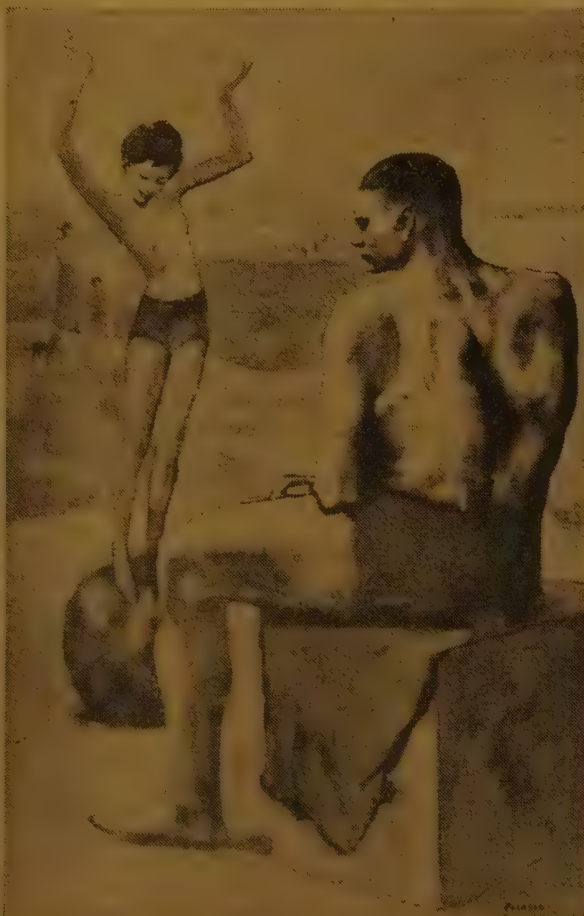
A resolution of the United Nations Security Council calls for the immediate withdrawal of Belgian forces from the Congo. Mr. Tshombe now says he will not oppose the entry of U.N. troops to Katanga, provided they fulfil certain conditions

A military coup d'état takes place in Laos

The Russians publish the full charge against Francis Powers, the American pilot of the U-2 aircraft



Mr. Iain Macleod, Secretary of State for the Colonies, with Dr. Hastings Banda, the African nationalist leader, at the final session of the Constitutional Conference on Nyasaland at Lancaster House, London, on August 4. Complete agreement was reached (see page 211)



'Acrobat on a Ball', one of ten paintings by Picasso which have been lent by Russia from the Pushkin Museum, Moscow, and the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, and are now included in the exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery. The others are 'The Embrace', 'The Old Jew', 'Seated Nude', 'The Dryad', 'Still Life with Skull', 'Carafe and Three Bowls', 'Factory at Horta', 'Two Nudes', and 'The Farmer's Wife'; all were painted between 1900 and 1908. The exhibition is open until September 18



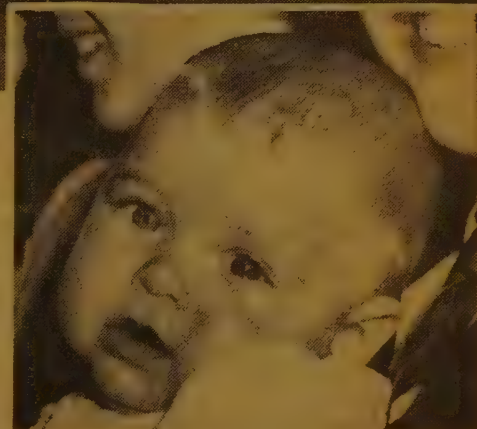
The work of rebuilding No. 10 Downing Street be modernized and extended, but all the historical state apartments, will be preserved. Above, left: war years—a



Army recruits being drilled in Katanga last week after Mr. Tshombe had threatened to resist with force any attempt to send United Nations troops into the province and had ordered general mobilization. On August 9, after an all-night session, the Security Council called on Belgium to withdraw her troops from Katanga and authorized United Nations forces to replace them



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh listening to an address by Mr. Edgar Phillips, the Archdruid of Wales, at the Royal National Eisteddfod in Cardiff on August 5 after His Royal Highness had been made an honorary member of the Gorsedd of Bards. It was the first time that the Eisteddfod had been visited by a reigning monarch



Prince Andrew, now nearly six months old, photographed as he left Clarence House after being taken to visit the Queen Mother on her sixtieth birthday last week



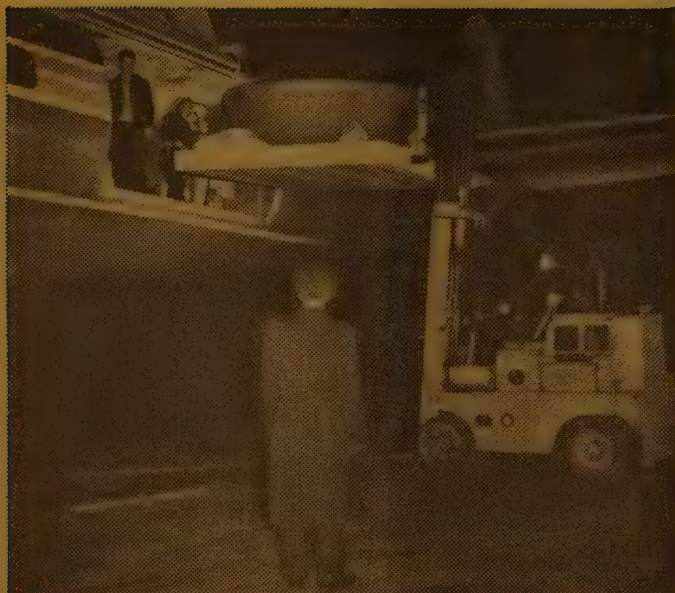
The house, together with Nos. 11 and 12, is to be the new Cabinet Room and the Prime Minister's study. Above, right: relief of the Prime Minister's study. Above, right: relief of the Prime Minister's study. Above, right: relief of the Prime Minister's study.



Wind filling the spinnaker of a twelve-metre yacht taking part in one of the races during Cowes week



Right: Shaun, an Irish wolfhound, the new mascot of the First Battalion, Irish Guards, with Lance-Sergeant James Byers, on arrival at Euston station last Sunday



FLYING SAUCERS

This saucer shaped cargo is a stainless steel spun head made from Colclad, one of Colvilles special clad steels which has high corrosion resisting qualities. The saucer is 7' in diameter, $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick and is over a ton in weight.

It is flying to Montreal where it and another like it will form part of an installation being built by Canadian Vickers Ltd. By night and by day Colvilles steel is on the move to industrial projects all over the world.

STEELMAKERS TO THE WORLD

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COLVILLES

FITNESS FOR PURPOSE STEELS

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(continued from page 221)

is removed or destroyed by disease. Normal body growth then fails, leading in a child to a form of dwarfism: the thyroid wastes away, slowing down many chemical processes in the body; the adrenals atrophy, resulting in a high sensitivity to injury and infection; and all reproductive processes stop. Many of these changes can now be treated by hormonal extracts, so that a patient whose pituitary is not working properly can still lead a relatively normal existence. However, logical treatment can come only from a knowledge of how the brain regulates this gland's function.

Until ten or twenty years ago, we had little idea how this regulation was done. Unlike the posterior lobe, the anterior does not receive any nerve fibres from the brain which could act as a control. But there is a rich connecting link of blood vessels, which was first observed by Professor Rainer in Bucharest, and studied in detail in London by Professor Popa and Dr. Fielding in 1930. We now know that these vessels carry blood from the hypothalamus in the brain to the anterior pituitary gland. Is this the pathway by which the gland is controlled? We have evidence to show that it is. Most endocrine glands will function adequately if they are moved from their normal site in the body, and placed elsewhere. This is not surprising perhaps, since the pituitary hormones which stimulate them are carried by the blood throughout the whole circulation. If, on the other hand, the pituitary gland is removed from the skull and grafted somewhere else in the body, its activities largely fail. There is only one way it can be made to work outside its normal capsule—if it is transplanted directly on to the hypothalamus.

It now seems likely that nerve fibres from the hypothalamus liberate some chemical substances into the connecting blood vessels, and that these regulate the activities of the anterior pituitary. We do not yet know what these substances are, although much work is going on in a number of laboratories throughout the world on this point. Many workers think they are simple proteins or polypeptides, and such an idea seems to offer a fruitful line of inquiry.

What does seem clear is that our nervous and mental processes are largely responsible for our glandular make-up. This means that nervous factors have a controlling influence over our growth and development, our chemical metabolism, our susceptibilities to disease and injury, and our reproductive life. And that not only is this so under normal circumstances but that our nervous systems may be playing a basic, if distorted, role in abnormal or diseased states of our glands. This conclusion may have far-reaching implications in many fields. For example, the growth of tumours arising in some of the organs under hormonal control also seems to be dependent on the hormone and may be treated by removing the source of the stimulus.

A Vital Link

So far I have been discussing the role of the hypothalamus and its control of the internal organs and reactions of the body. Other areas of the brain also affect this control, although it is generally believed that in this process the hypothalamus forms a vital link. To take a single example of this, let us consider the effects of brain damage on the behaviour of the wild rat, *Rattus norvegicus*. This creature is normally an

aggressive, ferocious, and intractable little animal. It is untameable and cannot be handled. But if, in a simple operation taking only a few minutes, you destroy two small nuclei in the temporal lobes of the brain, the animal, immediately after recovery from the anaesthetic, becomes tame and docile. It can then be carried round the laboratory and nursed peacefully. We do not yet know the details of how this change comes about, but the nuclei concerned certainly send large nerve tracts to the hypothalamus.

The brain-body relationship is a two-way process. So far we have been considering the effects the brain can produce on our bodies. Equally important, though less well understood, are the influences the internal organs and glands exert on the brain and on mental processes. This feed-back idea is by no means new. The Hippocratic doctrine of the Greeks held that the temperament of an individual was due to the predominant Humor, be it blood, phlegm, black bile, or yellow bile. Hence the terms still in our vocabulary regarding sanguine, phlegmatic, melancholy, and choleric dispositions. But today we know that the mental make-up is more dependent on circulatory hormones than on the blood and bile of the ancients. Under-activity of the thyroid gland, for example, leads to mental lethargy, and, if extreme and prolonged, results in marked mental abnormality. Many years ago it was found that a certain though small proportion of mental patients were only suffering from thyroid deficiency and could be cured with a minute daily dose of thyroid hormone. On the other hand, over-activity of the thyroid produces a highly excitable, nervous individual, one whose state has been aptly described as that of 'crystallized fright'. Professor Hoskins, of Harvard, has summarized the effect of thyroid hormone on mentality by saying: 'A pinch too little of thyroxine spells idiocy, a pinch too much spells raving delirium'.

Hormonal Action on the Brain

Other examples of hormonal action on the brain are easily found. The aggressive ferocity of the stag and other male animals when in rut is clear indication of the effect of testicular hormone on the nervous system. The reverse side of the picture—the docile nature of the castrate in which the driving force of testosterone on the brain is lacking—has been known for centuries.

A recent development in this field concerns the possible role the sex hormones play in the immature individual. It used to be thought that puberty was due to an aging process in the glands, either the pituitary gland or the sex glands. This is far from the whole story, however, since if these glands are taken from a newborn animal and transplanted into an adult whose own glands have been removed, the newborn ovaries or pituitary can support full adult reproductive functions in a matter of days. For this and other reasons it seems that the great changes which occur at puberty are due to a series of inter-reactions between glands and brain, and are primarily triggered off by the brain. Between birth and puberty the ovaries and testes secrete traces of hormone into the blood stream, not enough to affect the secondary sexual characteristics, such as the beard or the voice, but enough to differentiate the brain into a male or female type.

In the last few years interesting results have

been obtained by manipulating the sex hormone balance in immature animals. It has been found that if one or two injections of the male hormone are given to a newborn female animal, the sexual cycles of this animal when it matures are completely disorganized. Various experiments make it likely that the effect of these male hormone injections is exerted on the brain. If further work bears this out, it becomes a clear possibility that hetero- or homo-sexual patterns of adult behaviour, as well as the pattern of the sexual cycles, may be influenced by the trace secretions of the sex glands in infancy.

A Young Science

The study of brain-body and body-brain relationships is a very young field among the sciences. It is also one in which it is too easy to indulge in wild speculation, so I have taken up most of my time in simply clearing the ground. Much of the experimental work I have mentioned has been performed during the last ten years. At the present time the general picture of these relationships has begun to be formulated, and the reactions have been found to be of a critical and delicate balance. The total amount of hormones secreted by the endocrine glands each day, if obtained in a dry state, would amount to little more than a speck of dust. Yet variations in this amount can alter the whole pattern of existence for an individual.

Indeed, in this subject, too, we have come across the biological precision on which Dr. Crick and Professor Abercrombie have already commented. We do not know yet which parts of the brain the hormones act on, or the way in which they affect brain processes. This is now clearly seen to be a wide and important field of research. Some experiments indicate that the thyroid and sex hormones exert a direct action on the hypothalamus. Radioactive hormones have, for example, been prepared chemically, and these have been found in some cases to accumulate in various groups of nerve cells in the hypothalamus. This subject is marked by our ignorance rather than by our knowledge, but with the development of hormones artificially labelled with radio-isotopes there is at least one clear approach to some of these problems.

In the treatment of glandular disorders today attention tends to be focused on the gland itself. The enlarged overactive thyroid gland is often treated with antithyroid drugs or by surgical removal. It may well be that future developments in our knowledge of the nervous control of these structures will allow a more rational therapy, aimed perhaps at the correction of some abnormality in the nervous system or in the mental state of the patient. With the discovery of new drugs such as tranquillizers, or of new techniques in the physical sciences or by other methods, it may be possible to handle the mental make-up of an individual in such a way that effective treatment is obtained of various glandular and internal disorders, such as peptic ulcers. Such methods might offer a welcome alternative to the operating theatre. Just as the physical sciences are giving us control of the external world, so may research in the biological and medical sciences enable us to control the internal world.—*Third Programme*

This is the last talk in the 'Prospect of Science' series. Previous talks in the series were published in THE LISTENER on July 21 and 28 and August 4

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

DRRAWINGS by John Ruskin in an Arts Council exhibition at 4 St. James's Square have been so carefully chosen, mainly from the collections of the Ashmolean Museum and Bembridge School, that he emerges, no doubt to the surprise of those who know only his more laboured water-colours, as a considerable and often extremely sensitive artist. With the taste to which he admitted for 'all kinds of filigree and embroidery, from hoar frost to high cloud', his talent was essentially that of a miniaturist and his most obvious gift an extreme delicacy of touch. Detail for him was a principle, so that when Millais was painting his portrait he felt constrained to keep the artist up to 'the Pre-Raphaelite standard of finish' and 'got maps of all the lichens on the rock'; but it was also a passion, and as a result there is a tremulous delicacy in his small studies of such things as feathers, bones, leaves, and flowers, a quiver of life such as is conspicuously lacking in most of the labours of the leading Pre-Raphaelites.

Architecture was of course his principal subject and often his approach to it is like that of the botanical illustrator, more concerned with the flower than with the plant; it often seems as if for him buildings existed only for their ornaments, carved capitals, crockets, and the like. But it was not always so. In the church of San Frediano in Lucca 'the pure and severe arcades of finely proportioned columns . . . struck me', he says, 'with admiration and amazement', and the result was one of the most beautiful of his drawings, conceived for once as a whole, the finer touches of detail subordinated to proportion and space. This could also happen when he was painting landscape, though very seldom; an example is the really excellent and quite broadly designed water-colour, 'View from the base of the Brezon above Bonneville'. And in 1880 an extraordinary thing happened; he spent some days in France in the company of the painter Brabazon and as a result suddenly produced a small water-colour which might have been the work of an Impressionist, and rather a good one at that. Out of reach of his own criticism, if such a thing can be imagined, Ruskin, it is clear, might have done almost anything.

Last year Picasso made a curious experiment and took up lino-cuts, the medium of the child in the primary school. He used it for a purpose to which it is pre-eminently suited, though this is not generally recognized in schools, to get rich and sometimes very brilliant effects of colour. Most of these engravings are printed in at least three colours and some in a good many more, and to do this while preserv-

ing the spontaneity and impulse which are the essence of his art Picasso eventually devised a technique of his own, not the obvious method of using a block for each colour, though this is what he did at first, but an improvised method of using the same block and altering it for each

medium that must impose its own severe limitations. The effect, indeed, is often like that of a barbaric art which has undergone a long period of isolated development, so that the distortions achieve the assurance and certainty, the compressed vitality, with which, for example, the Scythian artist applied his traditional stylization to animal forms or motives remotely descended from classical art.

Several galleries now have mixed exhibitions for the late summer season. Tooth's Gallery is showing a number of French paintings, including two Picassos, a curious and ambitious painting by Le Sidaner of a small town by night with lights showing in the windows, and one of Forain's most acute studies of character, a painting of an artist drawing from the nude. But the outstanding picture here is a small Delacroix of Perseus and Andromeda, highly finished but with every small touch of the brush perfectly free and exquisitely fresh. In the Lefevre Gallery's exhibition of modern paintings there are three pictures by Robert Taylor, including a large view of a French cemetery, in which the artist has evidently begun to desert the backstreet realism of the French artists with whom he used to exhibit; his touch is now getting more refined and his handling of paint more sensuous as his choice of subjects becomes more diverse and individual. There is also a slick and immediately effective view of the Pont des Arts by Buffet and a strange and visionary painting of flowering vegetables by Edward Burra.

The Waddington Galleries has a mixed collection of the work of artists who have exhibited there in the past. Among the cloudy symbols dispersed and diluted over large canvases by such artists as Bryan Winter, Trevor Bell, Roger Hilton, and Patrick Heron, the romantic imagery in two paintings by Jack Yeats has a strange and poignant effect.

With so much wholly uncommunicative painting about the place it is remarkable that Bernard Cohen should have achieved a new degree of absolute inexpressiveness. On several very large canvases he has painted two large and perfectly regular circles, and round three sides of the canvas, but not along the bottom, he has painted, evidently with the help of a ruler, straight borders of various colours. Why? In recent sculpture in metal at the same gallery Leslie Thornton practises a harsh and angular but extremely elaborate stylization of the human figure.

Agnew's have an amusing exhibition of old masters which all cost less than £200. They know too much about painting to include any masterpieces, but the collection prompts the reflection that minor painters, at any rate in the past, often had odd and interesting minds.



'Perseus rescuing Andromeda', by Delacroix (1798-1863): from the exhibition at Tooth's Gallery, 31 Bruton Street, W.1. The painting was inspired by one on the same subject by Titian, which is now in the Wallace Collection

printing. For example, the printer will first ink the paper all over with a uniform coat of light brown; then the artist will cut the block and it will be printed in dark brown over the light brown background; finally the artist will cut away all but the main figures in the design and these will be printed in black. In a landscape he may cut the block into two parts along the contour of the horizon and have each part, one for sky and one for earth, printed in a similar fashion in three different colours, making six in all.

Forty-five of these prints are exhibited at the Hanover Gallery and their general effect is dazzling. The themes, which include bullfights, dancers in a landscape, interiors with figures, and one half-length figure based on a painting by the younger Cranach, are those of his recent paintings, and when working with such familiar motives the artist achieved consummate simplifications which are exactly appropriate to a

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Old Western Gunfighter

Sir,—I read with interest the talk by Mr. Rickards on 'The Old Western Gunfighter' (THE LISTENER, August 4) and I must say that he does much to dispel the romance which the novelist and the film producer have built around this character.

He omits to state, however, that most of the gunfights took place at extremely close range (although the film cameras would have us believe otherwise) and quickness of draw was paramount to accuracy. I doubt whether Wild Bill Hickok could 'put ten shots in a twelve-inch circle more than 100 yards away, firing his guns alternately' using the ammunition available to him. There is an unfortunate lack of detail in this story, but even if we assume that each shot was deliberately aimed there are several technical reasons to doubt it, and if we are to believe that the shooting was done 'offhand', in the manner beloved of 'Western' script writers, it becomes impossible.

The famous Bill Cody amazed his audiences all over the world with his trick shooting of glass balls from the saddle of a galloping horse. All went well until he came to London, when someone rightly asked where the bullets went after breaking the glass balls. It was then disclosed that he was using dust-shot; and although it was still good shooting, the legend was shattered with the glass balls.

When much of the truth has been sifted from the fiction surrounding 'The Old Western Gunfighter', the legends of fabulous marksmanship remain, because there are so few people, particularly in this country, who have ever fired a hand gun of any kind.

As for the appeal of the 'Western', this may be due among other things to the fact that we often witness judgment and the sentence on the wrongdoer carried out without the delays which present-day jurisprudence deems necessary. Range law may not have been ideal but it was at least sudden.

In conclusion I would add that I am still young enough to enjoy a good 'Western', even if I believe very little of what I see.

Yours, etc.,

Kent County L. E. PETTMAN,
Small-Bore Rifle (Pistol Secretary)
Association, Whitstable

'The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha'

Sir,—I ought to make it clear that Mr. Minney does not himself use the word 'intriguer' as a description of Ironside. In my review I was putting my own interpretation on the facts given by Mr. Minney. I was influenced too by Ironside's reputation which, so it still seems to me, Mr. Minney's book tends by implication to confirm.

I agree with most of what Captain Liddell Hart says, although Lord Montgomery's criticism of the British Expeditionary Force in 1939 was not exclusively confined to weapons and equipment. He also criticizes the whole system of command, the absence of realistic

exercises, and bad administration. Of course he may be wrong, but that is another matter.

As for Cardwell's army, the failures of Isandhlwana and Majuba have to be balanced against a long series of successes, the first and second Ashanti wars, Roberts's brilliant campaigns of the North-West Frontier, the conquest of Burma, the reconquest of the Sudan, the defeat of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. The latter in particular contrasts agreeably with the events of 1956, but no doubt the cool ruthlessness of Gladstone's Liberal Cabinet was an important contributory factor lacking on the later occasion.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

ROBERT BLAKE

Superlative Newcastle upon Tyne

Sir,—I, too, read Mr. Nairn's article (THE LISTENER, July 28) with interest because I lived in 'Newcastle' (on Tyne) until my marriage—and I look back over a period of seventy years.

Even as a child, a certain grandeur—a dramatic setting—impressed me. But my memories are mainly tragic. They are of dreadful, steep-slanting streets of back-to-back houses; of rickety children with disgusting discharges from their noses which were never cleaned away or treated medically. And they are of appalling drunkenness so that, on Saturday nights, men reeled about or lay on the pavements or in the middle of the Scotswood Road, where every other building was a gin 'palace'. Small blame to them with such homes to live in; with the terrible 'black' of Newcastle turning their wives into drudges and drabs in the endless, hopeless fight for cleanliness.

In contrast, I remember the millionaires of the armament and shipbuilding works and coal-fields, with their castles in Northumberland, their houses in London and shooting lodges in Scotland. There was very little understanding from these of the condition of their workers.

Whenever I think of the Newcastle of my girlhood, I think of Aneurin Bevan with reverence and gratitude. It is a far cry from the Rhondda to the Tyne but it is a cry that had a strong echo. His courage and deep humanity answered both. It is hard to realize now how much he was needed then.—Yours, etc.,

Weybridge

LILIAN ROOME

Sir,—Professor Lancelot Forester is proud of his home town Newcastle upon Tyne and justly so; but he must not claim too much.

The Rocket (1829) was by no means the first locomotive, neither was it Stephenson's first. The honour of the first 'loco' surely must go to Richard Trevithick's, patented in 1802 and running successful trials in 1804. Copies of this, with modifications, were made and were running at several collieries. Also there were the Blenkinsop-Murray engine, Chapman, Hedley, and several others working on the same lines.

Stephenson evidently knew about these, as it is on record that Trevithick visited him and that engines of sorts were running a few miles from Stephenson's home. The first from his design was the Blücher, 1814, but it was not till

1829 that the Rocket was built and this only after the return from America of his son Robert. He it was who took over the locomotive works which produced the Locomotion, Experiment, the Lancaster Witch, and several others.

The Rocket became famous for winning, on October 6, 1829, the Rainhill trials, in which it finally established the supremacy of the locomotive over the horse and thus gave the right-away for the general acceptance of the steam engine.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.4.

ARTHUR H. KENT

Sir,—Professor Forster's letter is inaccurate in its reference to Lord Armstrong and Durham University. 'The University of Durham College of Physical Science' had been part of the University for thirty-three years before adopting the name of Armstrong College in 1904. The title was given to the college when it was rehoused not because of Lord Armstrong's benefactions to it but to commemorate his achievements.

University education in Newcastle has a longer history than this since it was in 1852 that the existing medical school became formally the University of Durham College of Medicine, a title which was retained until 1937.—Yours, etc.,

Durham

E. M. BETTENSOM

The Worship of God

Sir,—Professor Winton Thomas's talk on 'The Worship of God' (THE LISTENER, August 4) is a masterly survey of the field he has chosen, with many illuminating details, but I confess to some disappointment that he has dealt so briefly with what I take to be the theme of the series, namely, the part played by sacrificial ideas and practices in the life of a particular society, in this case Israel.

He tells us that the destruction of the temple and the exile forced Israel, whose worship and indeed life had hitherto centred on sacrifice, to change to a non-sacrificial form of worship. The events undoubtedly precipitated the change, but it would not have been possible if the hold of sacrifice had not already been weakened. It is likely that the eating of meat had already been secularized, since the reform of Josiah some thirty years earlier had prohibited sacrifice outside Jerusalem. Sacrifice had anciently been thought to be the way of providing the gods with their food, but the illogicality of this had long been seen in Israel. 'If I am hungry', says God, 'I shall not tell you, for the world and all that it contains are mine'. Participation in certain sacrifices had once been thought indispensable to the renewal of the worshippers' life, but this too was no longer seriously believed. Thus sacrifice was no longer a matter of life and death either (presumptively) to the deity or to the worshippers. It was a kind of tribute, and tribute might be paid in other ways, such as spoken or sung praise, or money contributions.

Even if sacrifice was not vital, it was still held to be acceptable to God and therefore useful as a means of propitiating him. It was popularly regarded as a kind of bribe with which to buy

off the divine anger. The prophets assailed this notion, even going to the length of saying that God did not want sacrifice at all. Instead he required obedience to his moral demands. It is likely that Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Jeremiah would have regarded the end of the sacrificial system with equanimity and even with relief.

The conception of sacrifice found in the fourth Servant Song needs to be seen against this background. A change would have come even if the exile had not taken place. Animal sacrifice was revived after the exile, but the cultus is now simply the divinely appointed means of honouring God and expiating offences. Nothing can be offered to God which is not his already. 'Everything comes from thee, and we have given thee what comes from thine own hand'. Meanwhile the *idea* of sacrifice is transferred to other elements of religious life, to the singing of praise, to contrition for sin, and above all to the life of obedience. The idea that the Servant's suffering can have the value of sacrifice is therefore not wholly unprepared for. Even the idea that a righteous person by his righteousness can affect the fate of his city or country has its parallels in one of Ezekiel's oracles and in the story of Abraham's intercession for Sodom.

The place of sacrifice in the life of Israel is thus perhaps rather more complex than Professor Winton Thomas suggested, and the New Testament takes up more than one of the lines of thought mentioned above.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds

ROGER TOMES

The Solid State

Sir,—Professor Ubbelohde in his talk on 'The Solid State' (THE LISTENER, July 28) and the pattern of atoms inside solids leaves unanswered a question which may to him appear naïve but is very puzzling to a layman. 'Atoms', he says, 'consist of a positive nucleus surrounded by a cloud of electrons'. These electrons are in constant movement around this nucleus. The space between them may be infinitesimally small but as they have space to move about, it cannot be zero. How then can a substance which contains 'clouds' of moving electrons be considered as in a solid state? And what is the difference between the behaviour of these electrons in a liquid such as water and a 'solid' such as ice which consists of the same atoms?

Yours, etc.,

Geneva

J. W. NIXON

The Picasso Exhibition

Sir,—Given the prodigious output by Picasso for over sixty years, it is of course impossible to show more than a selection in any single exhibition, and some of these have contained key paintings which were lacking in others. Although the exhibitions in Europe mentioned by Mr. Cooper contained 'Guernica' none of them showed 'Les Femmes d'Alger' (O.J.), now on view at the Tate Gallery. The question of including 'new and unknown paintings' (there are more than twenty now at the Tate, not to mention the fifty-eight paintings of the 'Meninas' series lent specially by the artist) is

a matter of finding the right proportion, since the public rightly want to see well-known masterpieces from abroad rather than the rare piece which delights the critic.

As to the lack of a late Cubist still-life and a 'capital work of the analytical phase', did your correspondent fail to notice No. 3, 'The Fish Net', 1925, and No. 52, 'Girl with a Mandolin', 1910? Further, ten paintings lent by the Russian Government have now been added. Their presence completes former gaps in the circus and Negro periods.

Mr. Cooper in his enumeration of other Picasso exhibitions omits three very important exhibitions, again different in selection, which took place in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia in 1957-58. The number of capital works that have appeared in any of these manifestations relies not only on personal choice but also on the willingness of lenders. It is interesting in this connexion to note that all these recent exhibitions have not contained any paintings from Mr. Cooper's collection.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

ROLAND PENROSE

We regret the following misprints in the text of Mr. George Steiner's talk 'The Retreat from the Word' in THE LISTENER of July 14. On page 56, in the third paragraph, the phrase 'can be housed in the side walls of language' should have read 'can be housed inside the walls of language'. In the first new paragraph on page 57, 'the indeterminacy principle' should have read 'the indeterminacy principle'; while in the third paragraph 'Marsh' should have read 'Marshall'.

The Concert

By LEONARD CLARK

IT was my idea; and even after all these years I have never been allowed to forget it. There can never have been a concert like it before—certainly not in our little country town—nor since, either, I should imagine.

I was a member of the young men's Bible class. We were all about fifteen years' old, and 'young men' flattered us. We met every Sunday afternoon in the parish room to talk about other things beside the Bible, including the fortunes of the county cricket club, the town football team, and the merits of our various girl friends. It was a most successful class, I can tell you, with a high percentage of attendance. Charles Tringham, the chief reporter for the local paper, took us, and we gave him a high old time of it. But he was a sweet and patient man and seemed to know most things about growing lads.

I thought it would be a good idea to raise money for the annual choir outing. I ought to tell you that we were all members of the church choir, too. Stanley suggested a jumble sale, but the parish had had three of them already that year. Harry wanted a house-to-house collection, but the rest of us had memories of carol-singing at certain houses at Christmas and didn't want any more sarcastic remarks and black looks. Fred was all for asking Richard Westaway, the grocer, for the lot, but wasn't willing to do the asking himself. I said that we ought to have a concert so that we could all take part in it.

This was thought to be brilliant. So we formed a small committee—Stanley, Harry, Fred, and me—and met at my house to plan the campaign.

First, there was the matter of the tickets. Fred thought about 500: 100 at threepence and 400 at sixpence, until we pointed out that the parish hall would only seat 300.

'Then let the rest of 'em stand', muttered Fred.

'And', said Harry, 'can you see 400 willing to pay sixpence to come and look at us?'

So it had to be the other way round. We decided on 200 at threepence (red tickets) and 100 at sixpence (white tickets).

'Of course', I said, 'we shall have to have them printed'.

'Oh, I'll do 'em', offered Stanley, 'on my printing set at home'.

'That's no good!' said Harry. 'You 'aven't got half the letters. And what you 'ave got don't come out plain'.

I stopped further argument by saying that I had got a brainwave.

'What, another?' said Fred. 'What is it this time?'

'Let's get old Tringham to do 'em for us cheap at the Mercury office'.

Everybody agreed. We fixed on the date of the concert and Charles Tringham said he would do the tickets for us. Then we went to see the vicar. Yes, we could have the concert

and the parish room, but we should have to tip the verger and leave the place in order. But we could not have the concert the evening we had decided on because the missionary boxes were going to be opened that night. We could have it on the next night. I suddenly realized the tickets might already be printed. I rushed off to the Mercury office and got there just in time.

Then the committee met again—this time at Harry's house—to decide on the programme. There was a lot of bad feeling about this, but the matter was settled in the end, and when we had got it all down on paper it looked rather imposing. The first half would begin with a piano solo by Charlie Walding, our blind organist, to give the concert a good send-off. Next, there would be a recitation by Frances Runicles, who knew hundreds of pieces; then a fiddle solo by a friend of the vicar's who happened to be staying at the vicarage that week; then a funny song by Dan Dorrington, who always brought the house down; then a glee by the men of the choir; a sketch by the girls' Bible class, and a magic-lantern show by the curate. This would bring us up to the interval. We would do the whole of the second half ourselves. It was Stanley's idea that this should be a nigger minstrel show. Fred was all for selling sherbet dabs, locust beans, and tiger nuts in the interval, but the rest of us were dead against it. We couldn't see old Mrs.

Partridge trying to cope with a locust bean, or Edgar White, who had charge of the Sunday School, sucking at a sherbet dab.

We spent the next week selling tickets to people who didn't want them, and we got the vicar to announce the concert at all the Sunday services. Tom Ruck, the verger, promised to put the stage up and get the room ready, and the elder Miss Boud said she would be the accompanist for the minstrel show if we would give her the music. That was a bit of a problem. We hadn't got any music, and had to hum half the tunes over to her. 'But don't expect me to vamp', she warned us. We borrowed clothes off people for dressing up, and I sent away for some stuff for blacking our faces which I saw advertised in a paper at the barber's. But what with one thing and another we only managed to get in a couple of rehearsals. That didn't worry us much; we should be all right on the night.

The night came. It was a lovely, starry night in late winter. The parish room was packed and the tortoise-stoves were glowing. We hadn't got any programmes so nobody knew what they were in for. But the curate was willing to introduce each item as it came. The curtains were drawn at 7.15, only a quarter of an hour late, and our concert had begun.

Charlie Walding played *The Harmonious Blacksmith* at a good old lick. Not that Bill Fletcher, our local blacksmith, was very harmonious. There wasn't a crustier man in the place. The recitation—about a rescue at sea—went off well, too, except that old Mrs. Partridge, who had heard the poem many times before and knew some of the lines off by heart, kept repeating them out loud just a little behind Frances, until Mrs. Williams next to her nudged her and shouted angrily: 'Shut up, woman!' But Frances got an encore and gave us the gem of her repertoire, 'The Drunkard's Child'.

The violin solo was awful. *Chanson* something or other, it was. 'More like a lot of cats howling', said Fanny Bateman. To begin with, the vicar's friend had forgotten to do anything about an accompanist, and as he only had one copy of the music he had to play it by himself. But the poor chap's pince-nez kept falling off. He would play a bit and then he had to stop to put his glasses on his nose again. The piece never seemed to be coming to an end. Just when we thought it *had* finished, off would tumble the glasses again. He got into a frightful state of nerves, and he didn't get an encore, I can tell you. As a matter of fact, Jackie Harris, who was doing the curtains, closed them on him.

Dan Dorrington was in fine form. He came on first dressed up as a policeman and sang a song which raised the roof. It was a pity, though, that everybody in the audience had to turn round and stare at P.C. Hiley, our new bobby, who was standing at the back. It made the young man blush all over. Dan didn't wait for anybody to call out 'encore!' He came on again almost immediately, this time dressed up as a parson. But he had been in such a blessed hurry he still had his policeman's belt on and the truncheon stuck in it. He was met by such a roar that he started laughing himself and

couldn't stop, either, and had to go off without ever finishing the song. I don't think the vicar approved. Then the men of the choir sang *O, who will o'er the Downs so free?*, but broke down badly in the second verse and had to start again. Before they had finished they were all glaring angrily at each other; and, all through it, Ivor Jones, the bass, bellowed so loudly that he drowned the rest of them. What is more, Jim Noble, who was conducting, beat so fast that the whole thing became a gallop and they all ended up panting and out of breath. The girls weren't bad in their piece, though there wasn't much of a plot to it. They just seemed to walk on and off, and we couldn't hear half the words.

That brought us up to the magic-lantern



show. Tom Ruck put the gas lights out and the curate told everybody that he was going to show us some of the missionary slides that had been used the night before. But somehow or other the Band of Hope slides got mixed up with the missionary ones, so that halfway through 'Life in the Congo', we were introduced to a red-faced drunk guzzling down bottles of brandy, with the caption 'Don't touch it' underneath. But it all ended up nicely, and I don't think anybody noticed the difference.

In the interval we got ready for the minstrel show. Jackie Harris placed tea chairs in position on the stage, and arranged behind them some scenery that had been used for the missionary evening the night before. This showed a winding river with crocodiles and palm trees with monkeys and parrots, but it did very well for us. We wore straw boaters, cricket trousers, and blazers. We all looked a bit odd, for none of the stuff fitted very well. For instance, I had our doctor's boater (too small), my own trousers, and the vicar's college blazer (too large). Stanley's hat came well over his eyes, Harry's trousers—though hitched as high as possible—were far too long for him, and Fred's blazer, which announced quite falsely that he was a member of the Gasworks Bowling Club and must have belonged to a dwarf, eventually split down the back. Little Willie Greenway looked best, until we noticed that the front buttons on his trousers wouldn't remain done up and one of us had to put

matters right for him with a needle and cotton.

We all blacked our faces and hands with the stuff I had got. It said on the bottle that we had to paint it on and then it would dry in a matter of seconds. Albert Newton was so keen that he painted the whole of his neck and half-way down his chest, as well as his face and hands. I believe he would have done the whole of his body if we hadn't stopped him. We left white circles round our eyes and daubed red greasepaint on our lips. And we all carried Charlie Chaplin canes.

When the ten of us got on the stage we were greeted with a mighty clapping of hands. But, alas, the whole show was a complete fiasco. It had not only been badly under-rehearsed but everything went wrong for us that night. Bits of scenery fell down, we came in at the wrong time, we threw poor Miss Boud completely off her balance. We accompanied some of the songs with paper and combs but the paper got too wet and we had to throw it away. We forgot some of the jokes and often stood looking blankly at each other. We were all sweating, I can tell you, by the time it had finished, because we were so hot in our borrowed clothes. It was pathetic. But the worse we got, the more the audience seemed to enjoy themselves. They all thought it was part of the show.

'Well done, boys', smiled the vicar afterwards. 'Very funny'. But Miss Boud declared she would never play for us again.

The worst was yet to come. We couldn't get the black off. We rubbed, we scrubbed, we used soap, bathbrick, olive oil, and turpentine. But none of it made much impression. It had said nothing on the bottle about how to get the black off. The vicar had to ring up the firm in Birmingham, who

apologized because they had forgotten to send bottles of getting-off stuff in the parcel. Before it arrived we were in a state. There we were, ten black miserable members of the young men's Bible class. We all went home, dodging our mothers wherever possible. But there it all started up again, the rubbing and the scrubbing. Stanley's mother wouldn't speak to mine for a fortnight: 'That boy of yours and his bright ideas'. Harry's mother got in such a state that they had to send for the doctor. Fred's father said it served him right for being such a fool. Of course, none of us went out for a couple of days, except by night, and when we did we had our legs pulled by everybody we met.

I suppose all of us got the black off in the end. But I often wonder if Albert Newton, who must now be quite an old gentleman, is not still walking round the town with half a black chest. I sometimes break into a cold sweat when I think of what might have happened if we had let him paint his whole body.

That was the only concert the young men's Bible class ever gave. The vicar wouldn't let us have another. But we raised £5 for the choir outing, and then Richard Westaway, who had been at the concert, made it up to £10. He said it was worth every penny. And we had a wonderful day at Weston-super-Mare on the proceeds. We even went to see a real nigger minstrel show on the sands.—*Home Service*

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Indian Miniatures. By W. G. Archer.
Studio Books. £8 8s.

Reviewed by SIR HERBERT READ

MINIATURE PAINTING, which in the West we tend to relegate to the minor arts, was in the East always a major art, an art of the court, an aristocratic art, and no other art so directly and clearly depicts the life and manners of the civilizations that succeeded each other in the great land mass that stretches from Turkey to China. The art reached its highest level of development in Persia, where it can be traced back to the Manichaean illuminations of the eighth century and forward to the wonderful efflorescence of the art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. India also had an indigenous tradition of miniature painting, the Pala style, so-called after the dynasty that ruled Bihar and Bengal between the years 1000 and 1200, but this was swept away by the Muslim invasion. In the early years of the thirteenth century a powerful sultanate was established at Delhi and from that time onwards exerted a profound influence over all the arts in India. The native traditions were absorbed, as were also certain influences from China. Under the Mughal emperors, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, a further stylistic synthesis took place, and in this one art of miniature painting there was created an incomparable wealth of pictorial beauty. Other periods and countries can show paintings of greater psychological depth, of greater spiritual power, but in subtlety and charm, in lyrical delight and romantic fervour, the miniature paintings of Persia and India are without rivals.

Why, then, are they not better known and more esteemed in the West? The answer to this question must be sought in our different social habits, which in their turn are based on different climatic conditions. One can see at once that the Taj Mahal would not be the right setting for paintings by Tintoretto or Michelangelo. Equally in our European palaces or country houses, the miniature is out of scale. But miniature paintings were never intended for decorative use—they were bound in albums or kept in bundles, and looked at intimately in the leisured atmosphere of a court. Now, of course, they are collected by amateurs all over the world, and no great museum of art is without a representative selection. One of the best collections is in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and it is the Keeper Emeritus of this section, Mr. W. G. Archer, who has edited the magnificent volume now under review. Printed in Italy with great technical skill, it reproduces with care and fidelity one hundred of these miniatures, of which fifty are in colour, from negatives freshly taken for the purpose by the brilliant Indian photographer, Mandanjeet Singh. Each plate is accompanied by a description giving the usual details of title, size, and provenance, with an interpretation of the subject. There is a short introduction to the volume, which surveys the history of the art and prepares the reader for a proper appreciation of the plates that follow.

Mr. Archer points out that though many of the miniatures were factual (portraits of emperors and records of their achievements), their prime appeal 'lay less in prosaic statements than in their rendering of the romantic situations present in love poetry. Physical ecstasy has, for many centuries, been recognized in India as the nearest analogy to the soul's delight in God, and miniatures portraying Krishna and his passionate encounters with the cowgirls were regarded as a means of praising God. It is impossible, however, for human experiences to symbolize the divine without their whole character being viewed with delight'. On this basis he draws a distinction—which had not hitherto been obvious to this reviewer—between Indian love poetry and its nearest European analogue, Elizabethan love poetry. 'In Elizabethan love poetry the lover expresses impassioned devotion—he pursues rather than waits. In Indian love poetry, on the other hand, woman was conceived as endlessly charming, but at the same time, as the active wooer.... The woman attracts through her innocent sensuality and exquisite glamour, but it is her power to love rather than be loved which is stressed in poetry and painting'. It is a subtle distinction, perhaps, but the result is a lyrical enchantment far removed from our present world of dark passion and revengeful tragedy.

The Owl and the Nightingale: From Shakespeare to Existentialism. By Walter Kaufmann. Faber. 30s.

Like its predecessor and companion volume, *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*, this book brings home to a reviewer the impossibility of his job. All one can say, really, is: Read Professor Kaufmann and enjoy him, and answer him back if you can. 'Being right matters less than making people think', says the Professor. 'And there is no better way of doing that than being provocative'. To give a considered opinion of his interpretations one would need at least a year of research and meditation. Meanwhile, here are some notes.

Shakespeare's ethics: 'Tolerance... coupled with a vast contempt for most men'. Interesting discussion, but does it rely too much upon Sonnet 94? *Goethe compared with Shakespeare*: Seems brilliant (must re-read Goethe). *Defence of Hegel against K. R. Popper*: Seems absolutely smashing (must brush up on Hegel and Popper). *Nietzsche and Rilke*: O.K. (but was Rilke really such an exquisite nightingale? Must brush up my German). *Critique of Kierkegaard, Freud, Jaspers, Heidegger, and post-World-War II German thought*: Illuminating, exciting, but sometimes depressing. Well, I suppose one must expect the road from Shakespeare to existentialism, or anywhere else, to be mostly downhill. Finally, *Attack on Toynbee*: Whizz, bang! Take cover!

Crawling out of his shelter, the dazed reviewer tries to collect his wits. He notes that Professor Kaufmann continues ruthlessly to press, as he did in *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*, the argument that Christian ethics are prudential or commercial, because virtue is

said to be going to be rewarded. If this criticism is true, it certainly needs to be made. But it begs the question of what is meant by a 'reward in heaven'. It seems unlikely that it will be a cash payment. And where is heaven anyway? Some people think it is within us. In that case, will the reward be something to put inside our stomachs? A piece of cake, for example? If Professor Kaufmann's view of the New Testament is right, it would seem to follow that Jesus was inferior in nobility (our author's ideal) and in magnanimity to—of all people—Aristotle. We are given a quotation from the *Nicomachean Ethics*:

The good man ought to be a lover of self, since he will then act nobly... but the bad man ought not to be a lover of self, since he will follow his base passions....

'A lover of self'. In his next book, I wish Professor Kaufmann, in between baiting and buffeting us, would explain to us, calmly and quietly, what is the meaning of 'self'. It is a merit of the existentialists that they do appear to understand that this is an important question. The self would be, perhaps, the experiencing subject. On this Professor Kaufmann quotes Heidegger:

But 'subject' and 'object', says Heidegger, are really unsuitable metaphysical terms which, by way of occidental 'logic' and 'grammar', have taken charge of the interpretation of language at an early age.

Is Heidegger really a 'romantic enemy of reason'—as Professor Kaufmann seems in one place to imply—or is he just reasonably aware of the pitfalls of language?

RICHARD REES

Brief Authority

By Charles Hooper. Collins. 21s.

This dreadful story is told by an Anglican priest, but not this time one whose judgment can be discounted as that of an 'outsider'. Father Hooper is South African born. He was the priest in charge of Zeerust at the time when the African women of the district decided that they would not be forced to carry reference books (the contemporary euphemism for 'passes'). The burning of passes may sometimes be a symbolic act of political protest. But there is nothing symbolic in the significance to an African of being required to carry a pass; in addition to the restriction imposed on his movements, he can be arrested at any moment for failing to produce it. Every African associates the pass with the risk of summary imprisonment, and every African woman knows that if she is taken to prison there will be nobody to feed her children.

Still, the women made no resistance in seventy other districts before the Reference Book Unit came to Zeerust. There is no doubt that what the Zeerust women did was the result of their own reflection. But one local chief had not insisted enough on their compliance; he was already regarded by the authorities as inefficient; he was dismissed. After this, to accept a pass in the royal village became the act of a traitor, and there was a week during which the houses of

traitors were burnt. Then arrests began, but the charges were connected with reference books, not with arson. Zeerust had to be taught a lesson.

The lesson took various forms. People found that without a reference book they could not get free medical attention—or even get married. The post office was closed, the bus service withdrawn. A 'mobile column' of police made mass arrests, with the customary brutality that springs, perhaps, from the city Afrikaner's stereotyped notion of the African as the 'black peril' that threatens him with unknown horrors. Not only were women separated from their children, but the fields were not planted. A commissioner sent to hold an enquiry into 'the disturbances' announced before he had heard any evidence that they were instigated by the African National Congress. Then 'loyal' chiefs organized 'bodyguards' to beat up 'A.N.C. types'.

The Lehurutse reserve, where all this happened, is on the border of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and some thousands of its people have made their way over the border, leaving their villages deserted and their fields untilled.

Mr. Eric Louw has expressed the hope that the mutiny of troops in the Congo will make the outside world more sympathetic to South Africa. His logic is remarkable, not least for the assumptions which he evidently thinks it unnecessary to make explicit. It is indeed possible that the new African states may take leaves out of South Africa's book, but it is hard to believe that they can succeed in imitating the Union at all points.

LUCY MAIR

Conflict in Stuart England: Essays in Honour of Wallace Notestein. Edited by W. A. Aiken and Basil D. Henning. Cape. 21s.

The seventeenth is the first and, perhaps, the last century that Englishmen and Americans can really share. The early colonists, resolved still to be Englishmen, took with them English ideas of government and society, and American historians have slipped naturally into the study of the land they left behind them. Dean of these students, and most perceptive of all, is Wallace Notestein, now at a youthful eighty-two the recipient of a long overdue *festschrift*. He has perhaps not written much, but there is not the slightest doubt of the magnitude of his contribution as a teacher and director of research. On the one hand he is the House of Commons man uncovering the institutional movements that pointed to constitutional conflict. But he is also the humane author of *English Folk* (1938) and *Four Worthies* (1956), able to re-create vividly but unsentimentally something of the substance of life in Stuart England. Such a man English historians would have delighted to honour and it is a matter for regret that the authors of these essays are solely American.

There was bound to be another buffet in 'the storm over the gentry'. Professor Willson H. Coates provides it in 'An analysis of major conflicts in seventeenth-century England', blowing hot and cold over all the contestants, except Miss C. V. Wedgwood, who is given only praise. The conclusion is that 'although there would have been no civil war without the emotionally charged religious conflict between Puritan and

Anglican, either political or religious considerations were overriding for individual Parliamentarians . . . and . . . a corresponding variety of motives existed, of course, among the Royalists. . . . Just so. But where do we go from there? Certainly not to Professor Harold Hulme's tepid 'Charles I and the Constitution', forty pages 'summarizing and interpreting the standard works'. This seems to have strayed in from some other collection. More useful is Miss Mary Frear Keeler's statistical examination of 'some opposition committees' in the early stages of the Long Parliament. She finds a knot of some sixty men who strengthened 'by political action the bonds of kinship, acquaintance and common interest'. The list contains few surprises, but her approach might lead to more solid results in dealing with other aspects of that ever-shifting parliament.

Best of the remaining essays—each of them representative of one or other of Notestein's interests—are those of Professors Elizabeth Read Foster and Mildred Campbell. The latter looks critically at accepted notions of the inter-relationships of population attitudes and Stuart emigration, and finds them in reality far more diverse than has been supposed. She emphasizes—and how often research into this period reaches the same point—that to appreciate them we must pry more closely into the localities. Professor Foster is narrower in scope but her reconstruction of the passage of the Monopolies Act of 1624 indicates a significant stage in the development of parliament as redresser of popular grievances. This is work of Notestein's own standard.

Conflict in Stuart England is an uneven and somewhat disappointing collection, but all those who respect a great historian will want to possess it. On this side of the Atlantic we can take pride in the one English contribution to it—Messrs. Jonathan Cape have given it a handsome dress and sent it into the world at a bargain price.

IVAN ROOTS

Lord Lothian (Philip Kerr) 1882-1940

By J. R. M. Butler. Macmillan. 42s.

One's first thought, on finishing this agreeable book, is whether Lord Lothian is really worth a biography on this scale. Philip Kerr raced through life, ever travelling, ever conversing, ever writing, ever the genial host and welcome guest. He was the first editor of the *Round Table*, a member of Lloyd George's secretariat from 1916 to 1921, secretary of the Rhodes Trust for many years. Only twice did he hold public office, in the 'National' government in 1931-32, and as ambassador to the United States in 1939-40, that crowded final year which was the climax of his career.

Part of the explanation is his membership of Milner's 'Kindergarten' in South Africa as a very young man. They were a rum lot, holding their solemn 'Moots' throughout their lives. The best of them, like Amery and Buchan (not official members according to the list on page 14) or Curtis never quite came off, or did so, like Kerr, at the very end of their careers. Their trouble was that, having succeeded in quite abnormal circumstances in reconstructing South Africa and putting over the constitution of the Union they believed that by preaching high-mindedness in anonymous articles (the *Round Table* was the child of the Kindergarten), by

being 'assiduous in manipulating the Press and running Imperial Conferences and so forth' they could in a similar way re-make the Empire and the world while remaining uncommitted to active politics. Kerr differed from the others in becoming and remaining a Liberal, in never breaking with Lloyd George, and in moving from his inherited Roman Catholicism to Christian Science—a change of ideas which is not and perhaps cannot be explained in the many extracts from his letters which Sir James Butler prints, though it caused him a nervous breakdown which lasted for nearly two years. He carried his detachment far: 'he had many friends but few intimates; he was absorbed in public affairs but hated party politics'; and he would never commit himself to marriage.

The limitations of the Kindergarten, and especially of Kerr and Dawson, were never more apparent than in the nineteen-thirties, when it formed a merger with the Cliveden set. Kerr knew much of the Dominions and India, something of Europe, little or nothing of domestic affairs in a time of depression and political bitterness (of his eighty-six articles in the *Round Table* only four were on domestic matters). Hence he misjudged Hitler and condoned his policies until Munich because of the injustices which the peace had inflicted on Germany—a view which Sir James does not hesitate to criticize.

At the end one is left wondering just what Kerr and his friends accomplished, and even what sort of people they were. Kerr's 'charm' does illuminate the chapter entitled 'The Personal Side'; but a biography organized, as this is, by topics does not quite succeed in presenting its subject in the round. It is, however, the great merit of Sir James's work that it forces us to ask questions about Kerr and the Kindergarten and gives us copious extracts from their private letters to help us to answer them.

C. L. MOWAT

Sibelius. By Harold E. Johnson.

Faber. 25s.

Sibelius was responsible for two memorable sayings; the description of his music as cold water and not coloured cocktails; his reply to Mahler's extravagant notion of what a symphony should contain. Sibelius said, from time to time, a great deal more but none so much to the point as those two wise quips. By and large it seems that he uttered as many inconsequential bits and pieces as most other great composers; as many but not more. He had, thank goodness, neither the self-esteem of Wagner nor the persecution mania of Berlioz. If we accept Mr. Johnson's account of his public and semi-private existence (and there is no reason why, with a wary eye open, we should not) he was a truly human being, childishly fractious at times, stubborn, unpredictable, with a fairly canny eye to the main chance, as he grew from gay youth to his middle years, and in that something of a Handelian character.

Of his sillier sayings there is 'Never pay attention to what music critics say. Remember, a statue has never been set up in honour of a critic'. Tush, man; eliminate the obvious; otherwise you hand out ammunition to those philistines who today find precisely that quality in your own music.

I recall two visits to Sibelius and how I was struck by his courtesy and patience with this journalist from England, a land he remembered

with affection and gratitude. Must I now be haunted with the suspicion that his behaviour that day was conditioned by his sensitiveness to criticism and his desire to keep on the right side of the press? It is distressing to believe that and I do not wish to do so. To me he remains a great, congenial figure of a man, humour overcoming the fatigue of great age, a Silenus crossed with a genius. Nothing in this new book alters that picture though details, numerous and of varying value, slightly alter the shading. This is an American book, and time, as measured over there, has quickly caught up with Sibelius's fairly widely held reputation for greatness. Already men are at work on the statue, some with whitewash, some with vitriol. Mr. Johnson uses both, but in a harmless solution.

To the Life, now seen as a completed span, he is able to add a few fresh details, one of them particularly revealing: the Eighth Symphony cannot be traced, if indeed it ever existed, let alone the Ninth which shared that most famous and teasing rumour. The author has spent two years in Finland, knows Swedish and presumably Finnish 'with its fifteen case endings and complicated syntax'. He met people who knew Sibelius and was treated by his family as trustworthy. The news about the apocryphal symphonies may therefore be accepted and the long 'Silence from Järvenpää', after 'Tapiola' in 1926, must be considered a reality. The author cuts a way through legend and rumour, both rife by the time Sibelius had become famous. He scotches the tales of gargantuan drinking at Kempe in Helsinki and again we accept his verdict. Sibelius was no wit but he had a pawky sense of humour and was not averse from propagating tales that delighted the envious and dismayed those who wanted the man to be as splendid as his music. This book helps us to see him fairly plain. At the end Mr. Johnson provides the most complete list of work ever compiled, an important and valuable document.

SCOTT GODDARD

The Orchid House

By Michael Edwardes. Cassell. 25s.

Mr. Edwardes's publishers promise his readers 'an Indian nights entertainment of fabulous extravagance, vice, and the heady aroma of the East'. After this Mr. Edwardes's description of the actual courts of the early nineteenth-century nawabs and kings of Oudh were perhaps bound to be an anti-climax. The vices are too alike. The women, the neglected kingdom, and the fighting elephants, antelopes, and rhinoceros of the first Oudh king, Nasir-ud-din, are paralleled too closely by the women and boys, the neglected kingdom, and the fighting animals of the last Oudh king, Wajid Ali. Only, as Mr. Edwardes points out, Wajid Ali's kingdom was worse neglected and his animals shabbier. The kings, harassed by increasingly onerous treaties imposed on them by the East India Company and the apparently empty threats of their British Residents, had little incentive to reform their country and interfere with their overpowerful landed barons and their corrupt tax collectors. One tax collector used to soak his victims' beards in wet gunpowder, and then, as the gunpowder dried, set fire to their faces.

Mr. Edwardes uses quotations from contemporary visitors to Oudh to illustrate his history. The most important of these visitors was William Sleeman, whose report on the mis-

government of the kingdom was the prelude to its formal annexation by the British just before the Mutiny, and Mr. Edwardes includes many of Sleeman's best stories not only about tax scandals but also on the female infanticide practised among the Oudh Rajput families and about the wolf-reared children occasionally captured in the countryside. (These children are a sad disappointment to those who hope for descriptions of well-educated Mowglis!) *The Orchid House* also has some particularly pleasant quotations from Emily Eden, the sister of Lord Auckland, who so much regretted passing on to the Delhi treasury the diamond hair combs (made in the best European fashion) and the emerald earrings produced by the son of the king of Oudh.

However, Mr. Edwardes does sacrifice some of the clarity of his book to greater colour when he uses so many of these quotations and mixes them with his own explanations of Indian customs, descriptions of the city of Lucknow, and accounts of Oudh's political history. As a result his book is easier to read as an anthology of anecdotes than as a complete history. But many readers, whether they are following Mr. Edwardes for his stories or for his serious history, may regret that he has omitted the details of the Mutiny and the siege of the Lucknow Residency, because, he says, they have been told so often. Mr. Edwardes, a leading historian of the Mutiny, might have added not only interest but also a more definite climax to his book with an account of its course in Oudh. The Mutiny was, as he points out in his epilogue, the inevitable result of past misgovernment combined with British misunderstandings and over-hasty attempts at well-meaning reform.

LOIS MITCHISON

Home and Away. By John Pudney.

Michael Joseph. 21s.

If Mr. Pudney's reputation were not that of poet—the R.A.F. poet, to be precise (one quarter of a million copies sold)—one would examine this harmless little essay in autobiography less closely. It is endearingly euphoric, perfectly adequately written. It contains a number of excellent, if not penetrating, stories: the young Auden (the author's schoolfellow) casting his poems, in a fit of depression, into a pond, from which they had to be wetly retrieved later; Gilbert Harding refusing to autograph a bible in a West London store ('I didn't write this, madam; this is the word of God'). It passes an hour or so and may then be agreeably forgotten.

It is only when we match it up to the standards to be expected even of the humblest person who chooses to write himself Poet, that it is seen to fall so alarmingly short. What, for instance, of a sentence like this?

When I joined this overworked, underpaid, B.B.C. Cinderella department, then existing on a shoe-string, I had only once or twice seen as much as the inside of a studio and had never even watched a producer at work.

That is clear and it is fluent; but there is not an element in it that is not quite, quite dead. It is the clarity of cliché, and the fluency of a mind that has not really bothered to stop for a moment to think about language. Such a mind is the antithesis of what we expect in the poet—who is precisely the man who has to look at every word as though it were new-minted.

Mr. Pudney is in fact simply a competent journalist, and his are a journalist's faults and virtues. Indeed, his was a journalist's war too; for, in spite of his curious boast that he 'never fired a shot except in anger', he was quite non-combatant, being assigned from the very start to such tasks as writing the official history of Malta at war, and I was only able to identify a single occasion upon which he fired a shot of any sort. None of this was necessarily his fault and no doubt he brought to his role of 'Observer' all the gallantry that it could accommodate: it is only ironical when set against the quality of his war-time poetic fame. The blame for such discrepancies is indeed not to be laid at the feet of this cheerful and likeable man, but at those of a war-time public with more desire for 'poetry' than discrimination.

HILARY CORKE

Armour. By Richard M. Ogorkiewicz.

Atlantic Books: Stevens. £2 5s.

This is a book which deals comprehensively with a highly technical subject but in which the material is so clearly presented and so firmly set against a background of general considerations and historical developments that no one need have difficulty in reading it.

Not that the author spends much time on the background. The ancestry of the tank—in the chariot, the defensive wagon and the siege vehicle—is dealt with in a brief appendix; but this rightly emphasizes that the tank is more a mobile weapon carrier than a protected vehicle and is thus in line of descent from the chariot and the cavalryman rather than from the siege vehicle. That this is the essential role of the tank is lucidly but again very briefly demonstrated in a first chapter on the development of the relationship between weapons and mobility since ancient times. This emphasizes that the great development of firearms and the absence of development in locomotion are what underlay the static warfare of the period from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, and shows that it was the advent of the automotive vehicle which put an end to this long period in which battlefield mobility and weapon power had been incompatible. On the other hand, as is also made clear, it was in conditions of trench warfare and as the result of an attempt to improve siege weapons, rather than to make weapons more mobile, that the first tanks were introduced in the 1914 war; and it is this fact and the deeply rooted military practices and systems that had grown up in the previous hundred years that have dominated the history, as opposed to the pre-history, of armoured warfare.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the detailed study of armoured warfare and of armoured forces against this background, in which automotive would be a better word than armoured, from 1916 to 1945. It is not a history of military operations so much as a logical, scientific analysis of developments on all levels—technical, logistic, tactical, and strategic—in which military operations are used only to illustrate the varying roles that have been given to armour and in which these varying roles demonstrate the real potential of armour if properly used. But the book throws much light on past battles as well as being valuable to those whose concern is with the problems of strategy and tactics today.

F. H. HINSLEY

Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Heat VI

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE SIXTH HEAT in the first round of the inter-county bidding competition was between Somerset, represented by Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Thomas, and Surrey, represented by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. J. Tatham.

The players began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand:

♠ K 6 2 ♥ Q 9 8 ♦ K 5 ♣ K J 10 6 3

The hand is held by West, and East-West are vulnerable.

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1)	1H	?		
(2)	1H No	No ?	No	1S
(3)	1H 2S	No ?	1S	2D
(4)	1H No	No ?	2H	2S
(5)	1H No	No ?	No	2H

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) No Bid. There is no good overcall to make on this defensive type of hand, especially when vulnerable against not vulnerable.

(2) Two Spades. When partner makes a simple bid at the level of One in fourth position his hand is limited in strength and West should not be too encouraging. There was a consolation mark for One No Trump. It is not sensible, with fair support for partner's major, to introduce the club suit.

(3) Three Diamonds. Both opponents have bid and West has a useful hand himself. There is not a great deal in high cards left for partner to have and no doubt his overcall is based on a strong suit. Thus it is safe to raise on the doubleton K x. There was a consolation point for Three Clubs.

(4) Four Spades. Fully justified when partner comes in at the range of Two, vulnerable.

(5) Three Clubs. Partner has made a game-forcing bid, asking for information, and there is no better call for West than to show his good suit at the lowest level. There was a consolation point for the mark-time bid of Two No Trumps.

At the end of this part of the quiz Somerset led with 16 points out of 20 against their opponents' 12. Mr. Thomas scored a 'possible' 10 out of 10.

The players were then asked to bid the following hand, dealt by West at game all:

WEST
♠ A K J 8 2
♥ 5
♦ 9 8
♣ A Q 4 3 2

EAST
♠ Q 6
♥ J 10 8 4 2
♦ Q J 2
♣ K 9 7

The best contract of Four Spades is by no means easy to reach. There was good consolation for a safe part score or for Three No Trumps, which might well be made in practice though there are five top losers. The Bristol pair bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Thomas	Mrs. Thomas
1C	1H
1S	1NT
2S	3C
No	

This scored 6 out of 10. East might possibly have raised to Three Spades when her partner showed that he had at least five cards in each black suit.

The Surrey pair, with Mr. Tatham West and Mrs. Tatham East, bid in exactly the same way. Thus the Somerset pair retained their lead, winning by 22 points against 18.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Bank Holiday Fare

BANK HOLIDAY WEEK, so fair to assume that viewing routines not rigidly adhered to, with sets being switched on later. Better not waste material that will come in handy for the longer evenings of autumn. Keep it light. Sun-burnt legs and sand in shoes not conducive to celebration.

Thus, presumably, or something like it, ran the minds of the programme planners several months back—and sensibly, too, as it happened. But what should we have thought if the weather had turned against us? There was little in last week's documentary television to compensate for the rigours of an evening's enforced viewing in the boarding-house front room.

'The Battle of Oxford' ('Meeting Point', July 31) was a disappointment to start with. We had been promised 'an account of the memorable debate on evolution of June 30, 1860, between Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and Thomas Henry Huxley', but what we were given scarcely touched on the actual debate. As this was a 'Meeting Point' programme, I ought to have realized that the 100-year-old occasion would be used as a peg on which to hang a few comments on the Church's present attitude to the evolution theory (theory?—surely no longer so). Realization came too late to prevent a sense of anti-climax: my fault for pitching hopes too high.

The second part of Christopher Mayhew's inquiry into the motives and mentality of criminals ('Crime'—2, August 2) struck a more serious, even disturbing, note. Mayhew effectively dispelled the notion that there is such a thing as a criminal face by showing photographs of criminals and prison officers in juxtaposition and inviting viewers to say which was which. As it happened, I was pretty consistently correct in my guesses, whereas one whose intuitive powers are widely respected in her circle was as consistently wrong. I am not certain what this

proves, except perhaps that there is no such thing as an honest face.

The most disturbing aspect of the programme was the lack of any sense of shame on the part of the criminals interviewed. Even the bank clerk, well educated and most anxious, unusually, not to lay any of the blame for his defection on



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother in fancy dress when a child, with her brother, David Bowes-Lyon: from 'Birthday Portrait', given on August 4 to mark the occasion of Her Majesty's sixtieth birthday



Figures on the Schöner Brunnen fountain in the central market of Nuremberg, seen in the second programme in the series 'Ticket to Turkey'



Edith Evans in the part of the Mother Superior in *The Nun's Story*, as seen in 'A Film Profile' of Dame Edith on August 2, when she discussed her career with Derek Prouse

brand of humour can be expressed in the words of a five-year-old who, referring to a sudden renewed interest in a particular breakfast cereal, explained: 'I did go off them, but I've gone on them again now'.

I went off the Morris technique towards the end of a long spell as a faithful listener to his radio entertainments. His new television series, of which last week's ('Ticket to Turkey', August 3) was the second of five, has caused me to go on it again, with all the old admiration for his verbal fun, his amusing associations of ideas, his habit of looking at the commonplace and seeing something a little out of the ordinary. Of course his view is superficial, his reactions conventional to the point of caricature, his philosophy homespun. These are an essential part of his pretence of being the average Englishman abroad, with the Englishman's traditional prejudices. There will be many who, if they do not view 'furriners' and their ways exactly as Morris pretends to, will wish that they did.

'Press Conference' (August 5) ought to have been an equally frolicsome affair but two of the questioning journalists, Francis Williams and Bernard Hollowood, made such heavy weather of it that nothing the victim, Professor C. Northcote Parkinson, or the charming Miss Whitehorn could do could rescue it. Mind you, the professor was often infuriatingly (and, I suspect, intentionally) long-winded, and I sympathised with Francis Williams's desire to get the talk moving, but not with his bullying tone or his peevishness. Those viewers who had not read them would never have guessed that the professor's two books, the first one particularly, are amusing as well as serious contributions to economic thinking. I can only suppose that Mr. Williams and Mr. Hollowood needed the holiday that so many, last week, were enjoying.

A glance at next week's menu suggests that we shall be back on a more normally solid diet, with the Bertrand Russell interview, filmed though it is, as the main course.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Magic and Imagination

WHAT IS IT that decides a large, knowing, and sensible organization to toss its cap over the windmill and bang the big drum for a product that the public with half an eye and no particular talent can judge at its true value? Television has chosen for no good reason that I can see, except courtesy to a foreign visitor, to extend a warm welcome to Hiram Holliday.

Three nights last week and again this week half an hour was donated to the adventures of a slight, bespectacled American proof-reader

to his parents, exhibited no outward signs of shame, let alone repentance. And the old lag who had got away with some £20,000 and assured Mayhew, with more than a touch of pride in his voice and certainly with smugness, that not one penny of it had been recovered, gave a nation-wide lie to the adage that crime does not pay. This part of the programme left one with the hopeless feeling that regeneration of the criminal is an impracticable ambition of idealists.

After this item of indigestive food for thought we were back on holiday fare with Johnny Morris conducting us on a light-hearted trip across Europe. My attitude to the Morris

who, within so unlikely an exterior, hides the strength of hand, the prowess of Tarzan, and the erudition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. All set for some topsy-turvy fantasy? Maybe, except that the adventures prove to be the feeblest imaginable. Or rather the very quality most lacking, whatever the content of Mr. Paul Gallico's original stories, is imagination within the scripts themselves, but also in the actual productions. Too much of Hiram's prowess is only related to us, while much that appears on the screen is clearly and obviously achieved by cutting and camera-play. Furthermore, both the first two episodes relied largely on an umbrella becoming a weapon of enormous effectiveness in Hiram's hands.

The failure is the more disappointing as Mr. Wally Cox, who plays Hiram, has a quietly dead-pan sense of humour most suited to this type of light comedy.

No failure of purpose marked that series of musical films of the nineteen-thirties in which Mr. Fred Astaire and Miss Ginger Rogers danced their names into our homes and the hall of fame. Two, shown again on the television screen, *Follow the Fleet* (August 1) and the entrancing *Top Hat* (August 2), have given this month a lively holiday send-off. *Top Hat* was sheer delight; the songs as provocative as ever of the nineteen-thirties' heedless gaiety; the humour, visual and verbal, unexpectedly wittier than I had remembered; above all, there was the nonchalant effervescence of the dancing. The sharp, alert patterns created by the dancer, his stork legs rarely seeming to need the support of the ground, still dazzled the eye by their effortless complexity; and whether on his own or partnered by Miss Rogers, a foam of white drapery in the final dance, Mr. Astaire never failed to enchant.

Not magic, but imagination is what carries



'An Age of Kings'—8 on August 4: Robert Hardy as King Henry V with his troops before Agincourt

'An Age of Kings' on its miraculous way. Last Thursday completed *Henry V* with many felicitous compressions, such as having the King himself find the massacred baggage train and on the instant issue his unconditional surrender order. An imaginative touch of the creative kind whose lack I was just now bewailing was to bridge the intervening years to Henry VI by making the Chorus speak his final lines before Henry V's catafalque.

Mr. Robert Hardy's plain soldier of a king kindled out of his gruff wooing of Katherine a tenderness that set the seal on the actor's whole approach to this fighting monarch, which was kingship seen as a job of work, like a ploughman's or a soldier's, to be done in the best possible way one was capable of and despite any private misgivings one might harbour.

The final episode of Miss Margery Allingham's *Death of a Ghost* (August 1) completed a serial that had few flaws, was seamed with scenes of splendid high comedy, and at all times was an adult entertainment that encouraged actors to give performances which built upon themselves week by week. As the *grande dame*, Miss Mary Merrall was superbly regal; Mr. André Van Gysegheem was a schizo art dealer to the death, and Mr. Bernard Horsfall at last assumed that diffident authority which his Campion just missed for me in the first serial last year.

The reverse of this idiosyncratic coterie were the stolid inhabitants of *Someone to Talk To...* (August 2), a vehicle for Mr. Wilfred Pickles in which as a widower engine-driver he searches for a good old body to care for him rather than for his brass. Not a heady subject for a dramatist, but a gritty northern good-sense backed by kindness gave a certain sour warmth to Mr. John Hynam's first play for television.

Of the two recent 'Summer Theatre' dramas, last Sunday's thriller, *A Dream of Treason* by Mr. Maurice Edelman, had, besides a uniformly good cast, a G.P.'s calm matter-of-fact approach to its nightmare that rendered the story distinctly probable and placed it well ahead in viewability of *The Critical Point* (July 31), a piece of semi-science fiction, with a flash-point so contrived that I could not accept seriously what followed.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jnr.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Betsie and Rosie

THE MOST interesting and original broadcast play for some time was *Betsie* by Rhys Adrian (Third Programme, August 3). It was comic and pathetic, made three characters come alive and hinted at a world of others. Mr. Adrian's most obvious gift is for the faithful imitation of the rhythms of commonplace conversation. Until recently this was rare in the theatre, but now there are many experts who can catch the sound pattern of talk, including N. F. Simpson, Harold Pinter, and John Mortimer. Why this kind of realism has become popular or acceptable, I am not quite sure. *Godot* might have something to do with it, or the increase in the use of tape recorders, or the arrival of a number of dramatists whose fantasy is so wild that it needs a disguise of ordinariness. Whatever the cause, demotic speech has broken out in a big way and good writers

are allowing botes to say again on the stage what they always *do* say in real life. Friends and families go through those conversational rituals which are found comforting but have never communicated information.

This mimicry is not necessarily admirable and may have dangers. The repetitive boringness of the character who really has nothing to say can gain hypnotic power, and deceive an audience into thinking his emptiness a kind of profundity. The repetitions and dead speech in *Betsie* were justified because the play is about the avoidance of life through habit. Jack (Ronald Baddiley) is a self-condemned victim of pub ritual, an addict not of alcohol but of boredom itself. 'He likes to feel the movement from here to the bar and from the bar to here; it makes him feel something is happening in life'. He fastens on to the young Lucas (Keith



Wilfred Pickles as George Bell and Jean Anderson as Jessie Truscott in *Someone to Talk To...*



Tony Britton (left) as Martin Lambert and John Longden as Nigel Fergusson in *A Dream of Treason*



Night in the Ward

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Williams) partly as an audience for his old boasts and complaints and partly to force him into approval of his acceptance of death in life. Jack is clever at social bullying and cajolery and understanding enough about his Betsie's delusions about her 'sheltered life' in the past. But he is defeated and his comfortable routine almost shattered by the youth and defensive unsociability of Lucas. Tiresome though he was being, one felt sympathetic to Jack when Lucas dared to have the ambition of being a poet. After all if one has been condescended to as 'a working-class poet' by persons with hand-made shoes and gold watches, no chance-met stranger has the right to cap one's dream. As Betsie, Hilda Schroder conveyed genuine patience, desperation, and likeableness in a quiet, very sure performance. Her fondness for a husband whose virtues, lies, and habits she knows too well came over even in her anger with his trick of always asking her twice if she would have a gin. The producer, Michael Bakewell, kept the timing of the compulsive talking and drinking from sliding into farce or growing tedious, and let the patches of rich talk and deep emotion in a complex and subtle play make their full impression. We must certainly hear more from Mr. Rhys Adrian.

When I first read *Cakes and Ale* (Home, Bank Holiday) I liked knowing that the novel was really about Thomas Hardy, or at least his reputation. The dramatized version struck me as incomplete so I turned back to the novel, thinking some concluding action must have been cut. But of course Howard Agg had kept in everything worth keeping. The snag was simply that Mr. Maugham's urbane narrator had finished his tale by knowing better than everyone else in the book and deciding not to make them any wiser; and silent knowingness is not dramatic. The ironies of the novel are fairly heavily pointed already and became crude with even a little acting emphasis added. The chilly gentility of the second Mrs. Driffield was overdone, and so were the vanity and calculation of Alroy Kear, the careerist middlebrow novelist. Kear should be charming as well as a humbug, and the narrator should be plainly emotionally inferior to Rosie, the first Mrs. Driffield. However, much of the bite of the original remained in the adaptation and at a thirty-years' distance there is more life and less 'period' clothing around than could fairly have been expected.

Summer broadcasting has much to contend with and gets far less attention than it deserves—at least in print. So it is with apologies that I offer brief comments on brief entertainments. *Long Distance* (Light, August 2) was about a lady trying to save her husband from being hanged for a murder he hadn't committed, but chiefly consisted of her difficulty in getting hold of a judge on the telephone. Very upsetting and silly. It is odd that Galsworthy's Forsytes who impressed by being a long saga should now be providing very short and quite effective playlets for the afternoon. Another series of short plays called 'Both Sides of the Law' by Henry Cecil is running successfully (Light, Fridays). I have caught two of them and found the story-telling entertaining and the legal detail interesting. But too much time is being given to a frame for the story in which a kind judge is benevolent to a reformed old lag.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Time for Verse

A FORTNIGHT ago THE LISTENER reminded us in a leading article on popularizing the arts that both sound and television broadcasting had a contribution to make. The B.B.C. art programmes (it said)

did seem to send more people to visit museums and galleries; its music programmes did seem to have drawn more crowds to concerts; and the dramatization of the classics had led to a run on books by the novelists concerned. One art, however, was not mentioned; it would be illuminating to know how far broadcast poetry had widened appreciation of the supreme English art. As Mr. Patric Dickinson recently wrote in *Radio Times*: 'The reading aloud of poetry is certainly an art too. But few people will agree as to the basic qualities it requires, and really nobody has much right to pontificate, since the opportunities for setting standards or for making comparisons have not been very numerous'. It would in fact be enlightening to know the B.B.C.'s policy towards poetry, for to the mere outsider it does sometimes appear puzzling. There is a Music Department to direct the broadcasting of music, a Drama Department to organize broadcast drama; but who sketches the broad outline of poetry programmes, and who determines their detail? Ought not the whole subject, instead of being left to a committee, to be the care of a professional Poetry Department? As things are, historians are suddenly revealed as would-be readers of verse, poetasters are rescued, painfully, from oblivion, and when, finally, we hear Keats, we hear the odes twice within two days. Perhaps these last performances were the result of careful planning; but there still seems a need for some co-ordinating and ultimate authority.

These observations are suggested by what has been a busy week for poetry. It began (Third Programme, July 31) with recordings of the late Robert Donat reading five poems by Keats. This was a graceful tribute to Mr. Donat, and one is glad to have heard his interpretations, though, alas, we had no feeling of revelation.

On August 2 (Home Service) we heard the odes again, this time read by John Laurie, in the first 'Time for Verse' of the new series. 'Poetry is an intimate art' (to quote *Radio Times* again), 'and broadcasting is an ideal medium for it'. Mr. Dickinson's own distinction as a producer of poetry, and his ease of manner as a commentator, make one wish he was heard much more often. There should be a regular 'Time for Verse', and we should appreciate it all the more if we heard it earlier in the evening.

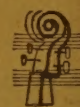
The third poetic programme this week (Third, August 5) was the first of Mr. Bridson's conversations with Robert Graves; and it was, I thought, a distinct improvement on the McDiarmid talk I heard earlier this year. One could well imagine Mr. Graves, looking like the Brutus of Michelangelo, among the olive-groves of Majorca, as he gave us forty-five minutes of ironic, flippant, impulsive, enlightening talk. Like all impulsive conversation, it was sometimes contradictory; no poet, so we were told, had suppressed more of his poems than Mr. Graves. He did not believe in 'imposing a great wad on the public'. It was somewhat disconcerting, therefore, to learn he had sold a few discarded trunk-loads to America, but then Mr. Graves was repeatedly controversial. 'The perfect poem', he continued, 'has never been written, and can't be'. This last point, too, seemed debatable, and so did his contention that governments should honour prose-writers but not poets. Mr. Graves read some of his poems badly (though the performance remains of academic interest); and, finally, in quite the best part of his conversation, he reminisced about poets he had known, including Swinburne, the gnome-like figure, 'the terror of nurse's walk on Wimbledon Common'. A stimulating talk that makes one look forward to the sequel.

It is quite a leap from Majorca to south-east England, but the critic must take it. 'The Five Cinque Ports' (Home Service, August 3) was an over-ambitious programme that set out 'to trace

the rise and fall in importance of the Cinque Ports to this country', to capture their atmosphere, and to meet their residents, all in twenty minutes. This was really pouring a quart into a thimble, and the result was unfortunate. I was glad to meet the Hastings butcher parading in scarlet robes as a Baron of the Cinque Ports: he might have been worth a talk on his own. As for the rest of the programme, it was a hotch-potch of local history retailed in guide-book fashion by local officials. There was nothing radiogenic about it.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



'Proms' and Chamber Music

A WHOLE PROMENADE CONCERT devoted to a performance of Haydn's *The Creation* (Home Service, August 3) was one of the week's chief musical events. The story, whether apocryphal or not, of Beethoven kissing the composer's hand and forehead after a memorable performance of *The Creation* in Vienna in 1808 is an indication, at least, of the respect and admiration which contemporary musicians had for Haydn and of the extraordinary impression which this work had made on all who heard it ever since its first performance in 1798. It soon reached England, where performances were given in London and at Worcester (Three Choirs) as early as 1800. Since then it has been in the repertory of every choral society of any importance all over the world and never fails to charm. I use the word deliberately, in the sense in which we speak of snake-charmers, for example, implying some quasi-magical, spell-binding quality.

The Creation is one of those big, simple works that practically plays and sings itself—unlike Beethoven's *Mass in D* (which will have been broadcast by the time these lines appear)—provided, of course, that the conductor has adequate vocal and instrumental resources at his disposal. On this occasion Sir Malcolm Sargent was well served by the Royal Choral Society, the Watford and Croydon Philharmonic Societies, and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, with Charles Spinks in charge of the organ continuo. The soloists were Mary Wells (soprano), William Herbert (tenor), and Kim Borg (bass), who sang with the right amount of fervour and commendably clear diction.

I was unable to listen to the end as I did not want to miss the Parrenin Quartet in a programme of twentieth-century chamber music in the Third Programme. This included the first broadcast in England of a string quartet by Italy's avant-garde composer Bruno Maderna. The Parrenin, an excellent French ensemble, started their programme with Stravinsky's seldom played *Concertino*, written in 1920. This and the earlier *Three Pieces for String Quartet* (1914) are his only essay in this medium, and have never seemed to me to be very happy ones, as they appear to be based on a misconception of the true nature and potentialities of the string ensemble. The *Ten Sketches* for string quartet by the Athenian composer, Nicos Skalkottas, who died prematurely in 1949, which were played next, are not very distinguished music and lack personality, although one or two of them are picturesque in their way, which is more central European than Mediterranean.

The Maderna Quartet, composed in 1954, is written in the now fashionable ejaculatory style, obviously influenced by Webern, but far more diffuse than any work by that master. It contained passages from which the life-blood seemed to have been drained; having no rhythm to sustain it, the music often seemed in danger of petering out altogether and was at times only kept alive by apparently meaningless outbursts of

sounds, which an earlier generation would certainly have qualified simply as 'ugly'—an adjective which, it would seem, has no place in the modern aesthetician's vocabulary, although in the light of recent trends in music, I think there is a good case for its reinstatement. It was Charles Koechlin, one of the wisest and most adventurous spirits in twentieth-century French music, himself a pioneer in almost every sphere both practical and theoretical, who declared at the end of his life that, when all is said and done, the human mind and ear 'ont besoin d'un peu de bonheur'. A modest enough claim, but one that is apt to be overlooked today, or even challenged in certain extremist circles.

There is certainly nothing extremist about the Shostakovich Violin Concerto (Third Programme, August 4), one of the highlights of an interesting 'Prom' programme broadcast from the Albert Hall (Third, August 4). Shostakovich always presents a curious mixture of 'brashness' and romanticism, but his best pages can be very good. The first movement of the Concerto, which strikes a note of impassioned eloquence rare in modern music, shows him at his best, and both the *Scherzo* and the rhapsodic *Passacaglia* are not only most skilfully devised but provide variety while preserving the continuity of the work as a whole. This, however, in my opinion, is just what the last movement,

the brilliant *Burlesca*, fails to do. It sounds too much like a *bravura* piece tacked on to provide an effective *finale*, but conceived in a different spirit from the rest of the Concerto. The solo part was magnificently played by Tibor Varga, who responded to all its moods; and with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent the whole performance was on a memorably high level.

I have space only to pay a brief tribute to Safford Cape and his Pro Musica Antiqua ensemble (Third, August 4) who in a programme devoted to music of the fifteenth century exhibited all their well-known skill and scholarship.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Nielsen and the String Quartet

By ROBERT LAYTON

Nielsen's Quartet No. 4, in F, will be broadcast at 9.15 p.m. on Monday, August 15 (Third)



DURING THE VOGUE for Nielsen some years ago, when he was in danger of becoming a fashionable composer, the interest in his work centred in the main on the six symphonies. While this was inevitable, and indeed entirely proper, the fact remains that the symphonies loom so large in the popular picture of him that other sections of his output have been overshadowed. Such comparatively unsensational pieces as the Flute Concerto, the Suite for piano, and the string quartets created much less of a stir; yet though they are less immediately striking they are no less masterly. Some of his finest piano music, including the Chaconne, the Theme and Variations, and the Three Piano Pieces (Op. posth.) have nothing to fear from comparison with the best piano writing of our time.

While the piano music spans his entire creative career, the quartets are all comparatively early pieces, the last dating from 1906, the year which saw the production of *Maskerade*. This has mystified many writers though one must remember that few twentieth-century Scandinavian composers, apart from Rosenbergs and Holmboes, have shown a lasting interest in the medium. One possible factor may well be the decline of chamber music in the average middle-class home. Sibelius as a boy was an avid chamber musician scarcely separable from his instrument, and he composed nothing but chamber music until his mid-twenties when he began to explore the orchestra. *Voces intimae* marks his only return to it. The same sort of development took place in Nielsen's career; his work, first as an orchestral player and then as a conductor in Copenhagen and Gothenburg, drew him away from the quartet into the symphony.

Nielsen's first effort in the medium was a student piece written when he was still in his teens. It was by all accounts in the style of the Viennese classics and showed a sufficiently developed sense of craftsmanship to gain the praises of no less a figure than Gade. It was largely on the strength of this and his ability as a violinist that Nielsen was admitted to the Copenhagen conservatory. A second quartet followed after the completion of his studies there and was successfully performed in 1888 when he was twenty-two. Nielsen later disowned both works, which remain in the obscurity of manuscript, together with the rest of his student pieces, all of which are chamber or instrumental. The year 1888 saw the composition of a string quintet and the first numbered quartet. When

this eventually appeared in print some years later it bore the opus number thirteen; the second being numbered Op. 5. It is as well to note at this point, however, that Nielsen's numbering is pretty chaotic, for not only is there confusion about the numbered works but, as in the case of 'Hilda Tablet', some of his works have 'no opus numbers, while on the other hand, some opus numbers have no music attached to them at all'. The G minor Quartet was dedicated to the Norwegian composer, Svendsen, who had settled in Copenhagen during the early eighties. Svendsen's fingerprints are in evidence on this score, which is far less individual than the charming *Little Suite* for strings written at the same time or the Second Quartet, in F minor, which followed in 1890.

It would be idle to pretend that the Second Quartet is a masterpiece either, though it has many striking touches. The contemplative slow movement is probably the most individual though the opening *allegro* has some fine things in it. But for all its incidental beauties and the growing awareness of musical continuity that it shows, it is by no means as compelling a work as the First Symphony. In the latter, of course, the seams are clearly visible but this is more than offset by the abundant vitality, freshness of ideas, and genuine symphonic sense. Both works make it clear that Nielsen's heritage is European rather than purely Scandinavian. Brahms, though without the excessively rich doublings in thirds and sixths, and Dvořák are the dominant influences. One is distinctly reminded of the latter at the opening of the finale of the Second Quartet, while the shades of Brahms inhabit the scherzo of the First Symphony and the slow movement of the Third Quartet. However, Brahms's impact is certainly tempered by the vein of clean-edged chromaticism that guides Nielsen's melodic lines and the secure diatonic foundation that characterizes the harmony of much Scandinavian folk music.

The Third Quartet, in E flat (1898), which was written six years after the First Symphony is, in my opinion, Nielsen's first unqualified masterpiece and in some respects probably the finer of the two mature quartets. Its quality of invention, the richness of the contrapuntal writing, its organic cohesion and continuity of thought are on a higher plane than either the symphony or the touching and expressive *Hymnus Amoris* (1896), his two finest works up to that time. The third movement, which is curiously anticipated in the finale of Berwald's

A minor Quartet, offers a particularly good example of Nielsen's characteristic fusion of chromatic line and straightforward diatonic harmony. In the eloquent slow movement the part-writing succeeds in being highly chromatic in places but without ever overburdening the texture or enriching it to excess.

The last quartet, No. 4 in F, followed after a gap of eight years during which Nielsen had written his opera, *Saul and David*, and the best part of *Maskerade* as well as the Second Symphony. It is far more polished than the Third and (not unnaturally) more highly personal in utterance, for Nielsen had during the intervening years come much further along the road of self-discovery. Though it first had a title, *Piacevolezza*, this together with its opus number, nineteen, was withdrawn when the composer later came to revise the score. The opening movement, as in the Third Quartet, is a kind of sonata rondo in which Nielsen moves with considerable tonal freedom. The movement leaves one in no doubt from the outset that Nielsen has emerged as an independent personality in his own right, the early debts to Brahms, Dvořák, and Svendsen having been satisfactorily liquidated. The slow movement bases itself on a simple chorale of real dignity, while the third movement is a scherzo in the proper sense of the word with genuine flashes of exuberance and wit. In the Third Quartet it is the finale that prompts some critical reservations, but here both the material and the use to which Nielsen puts it are on the same high level of inspiration as the rest of the work.

It is a pity that Nielsen did not return to the quartet later in life. Few of his contemporaries did: the only exception is the Swedish composer, Stenhammar, who wrote a series of six fine quartets that show the same classical sympathies and high standard of craftsmanship, though they do not match either of Nielsen's later quartets in quality of inspiration or liveliness of imagination. There were, it is true, important chamber works to follow, the delightful Wind Quintet (1922) or the Second Violin Sonata, but after the Fourth Quartet, Nielsen's creative genius sought the larger canvas of the orchestra for the expression of his most deeply felt ideas. However, Nielsen's music, whether it is orchestral or chamber, vocal or keyboard, does not require elaborate propaganda or explanation; nor does it develop according to any preconceived notion of musical procedure. The music itself is its own most eloquent advocate.

Planning the Weekend Menus

By MARGARET RYAN



THE TIMES GIVEN here allow for cooking for four to six people. Recipes are given for the starred dishes.

MIDDAY

Monday: (No midday meal for guests or family.)

Tuesday: Ham paté (ready made). Celery and black olives. Melon.

Wednesday: *Bœuf en daube. Spinach, potatoes. *Ice-box pudding.

Thursday: Ask your butcher to bone the shoulder and cut 4 to 5 lb. of lean round steak or top rump into large slices one inch thick. This will supply for Saturday's and Sunday's meals.

TIMETABLE

Friday: Time in kitchen: 2-2½ hours. Order of work: Make puff pastry for tomorrow's tart (less using ready-made). It will have to be taken for turning and rolling at intervals during the timetable. Put shoulder in the oven in roasting pan with sliced onion, a clove of garlic, a spoon of sugar, and sprig of rosemary. Make up for peaches. Peel peaches and pour syrup over them with a dash of kirsch. Prepare beans and enough potatoes for two days. Prepare carrots and onions for braising. Brown steak and vegetables in dripping and put in oven to cook for two hours now and finish tomorrow.

EVENING

Boned shoulder of lamb. Runner beans, potatoes. Compote of peaches.

Braised beef with onions. Potatoes and carrots. Open tart of fresh fruit, glazed. Spaghetti with meat sauce. Fresh fruit.

Make marinade for *bœuf en daube* and put meat to soak in it. Put on water to cook today's vegetables. Give final turn to pastry, wrap in cloth, and put in refrigerator. Cook vegetables. Dish shoulder, make gravy, and serve. Take out tomorrow's beef from oven after dinner.

Saturday morning: Time in kitchen: 15 minutes. Order of work: Arrange on each plate a slice of ham paté, a stick of celery, and some black olives. Serve melon with sugar.

Saturday evening: Time in kitchen: 1 hour. Order of work: Heat oven for puff pastry. Roll out and cook. Make ice-box pudding for tomorrow. Take out puff pastry and allow it and oven to cool. Put in braise to finish. Arrange fruit in tart and glaze. Cook potatoes.

Sunday morning: Time in kitchen: 2 periods of 30 minutes each. Order of work: Prepare *bœuf en daube* and put in oven. Wash spinach. Scrape potatoes. Interval of 2 hours. Half an hour before dinner cook vegetables, and at the last moment remove ice-box pudding from refrigerator. Serve the *daube* in the casserole, first removing about half a pint of liquid for tonight's spaghetti.

Sunday evening: Time in kitchen: 20 minutes. Order of work: Cook spaghetti. Chop up any remains of *daube*, add liquid saved and a tin of concentrated tomato soup. Add spaghetti to this sauce (not sauce to spaghetti).

*RECIPES

Bœuf en daube: soak the beef, cut in one-inch cubes, for 36 hours in a mixture of 2 glasses of red wine, 1 dessertspoon of vinegar, a sliced onion and carrot, 2 crushed cloves of garlic, a

bay leaf, sprig of parsley and rosemary, 2 cloves, salt and pepper. When ready to cook drain the meat and brown in bacon fat with two more onions. Pour marinade over and cook in casserole for 3 hours. Half an hour before serving add 6 peeled tomatoes and 12 stoned black olives. Serve with red currant jelly.

Ice-box pudding: Line a large bowl with sponge fingers. Cream 4 oz. of unsalted butter with 6 oz. of caster sugar until fluffy. Beat in 4 egg yolks, one at a time. Flavour with rum or vanilla and fold in 4 egg whites beaten stiff. Add half a cup of macaroon biscuits well crumbled. Pour into centre of bowl and chill for 12 hours or longer. Serve with whipped cream.

Notes on Contributors

RICHARD M. TITMUSS (page 207): Professor of Social Administration, London University; author of *Poverty and Population*, *The Social Division of Welfare*, etc.

IVAN MORRIS (page 209): has recently returned from Japan; author of *Nationalism and the Right Wing in Japan*

REV. GILBERT COPE (page 216): Tutor in Theology, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Birmingham University; author of *Symbolism in the Bible and the Church*

PATRICK MOORE (page 219): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; author of *Astronautics, Guide to the Stars* (1960), etc.

G. W. HARRIS, F.R.S. (page 221): Fitzmary Professor of Physiology, Institute of Psychiatry, London University; author of *Neural Control of the Pituitary Gland*, etc.

LEONARD CLARK (page 228): author of *English Morning and Other Poems*, *Sark Discovered*, *Selected Poems*, etc.

ROBERT LAYTON (page 238): music critic; author of *Franz Berwald*

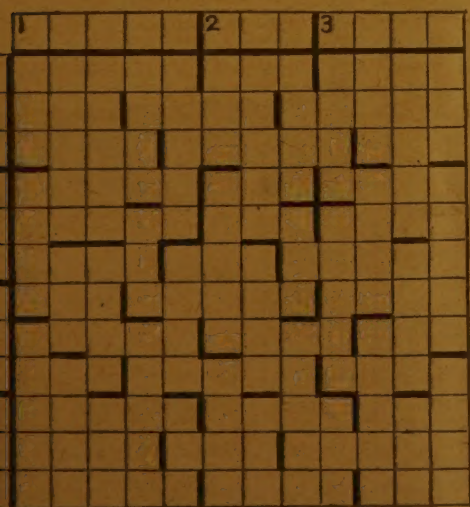
Crossword No. 1,576.

Square Search.

By Jackdaw

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



Each column and row of the diagram is headed by a different letter. These can be found from the 'head-lights'. Other lights, across and down, are clues under their appropriate letter from the head-lights. Each of these clues in fact contains clues to three lights of three, four, and five letters. The twelve letters appear in the clue in the same sequence, but not consecutively, as they are to be entered in the completed puzzle. If, when the puzzle is complete, one letter is taken from each column/row, the order and selection being governed alphabetically by the cross-reference of the respective head-letters the solver will find, if lucky, his reward. This should be claimed at Q.

HEAD-LIGHTS

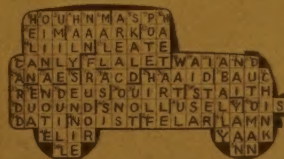
- Across:
1. This old Welsh crowd will make music (5)
2. Dialectal (Somerset?) cleaver of slates (3)
3. A quick turn in the middle (4)
- Down:
4. Short walker who could still be passed if a lap in front (3)
5. You will find uranium in for example a Cornish cavity (3)
6. Shakespeare's dog could lead you to pure water (3)
7. Put off—or on without charge (3)

CLUES

- A. Fuss and commotion caused by the longest funeral oration in radio history
B. Scold her ere, with noughts and crosses, she covers it with a mess
C. Forbid many-seeded fruit perhaps, on fancy cornice mouldings, as rococo
D. Another short piece of wool you may give your housewife to examine critically
E. A rest with Milton where a whirlpool may hold off unrepentant folk
F. To do with the cheek from a dissolute fellow that arises from a Turkish brew making him unmanageable
G. Indisputably, twice divided by vertical lines are some Aussie rackets

- H. Spenser's sorrow at no time overbrimmed though the Scot's forehead was furrowed
I. Opportunity to choose for the old time Bengali book-keeper
J. I may very well squall or noise cries of grief—all to do with sound
K. Such a wily marsh tortoise is the enemy of the worker in stone
L. Muse to bewitch the great Roman emperor
M. Nicely, nevertheless, a voluptuous woman, in a trice, takes the biscuit
N. Undertake a journey to see the disorder they make when crude rubber is collected
O. The aim, at a party under an East Indian palm, is to pour the scotch softly
P. Favourite bagpipes from Highland festivals predated from an old dish
R. Goat hair cloth could easily absorb a lot of the sap from trees with bitter leaves
T. How the metal end of a sheath may despatch night-birds from a round aperture
U. The stock company selects a ridge of gravel and plants an oily bean
V. A bloodhound, perhaps eagerly avoided for a time by a dark blue
W. Be still and harken to the lowings of the small ox reared by the house-god
X. An honest argument in favour of prosperity for khaki-clad Indians
Y. Charges, to take effect conditionally, when passing to the better cabin in a Philippine lighter
Z. Vases, perhaps tripodal, are cause for each monotheist to turn aside

Solution of No. 1,574



1st prize: F. E. Dixon (Wexford); 2nd prize: P. D. Johnson (Wilmslow); 3rd prize: Hugh G. Brown (London, S.E.11)

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